POEMS

BY

Allan Ramsay.

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

Let them censure, what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defy..
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that they repeat.

PRIOR *from* ANACREON.

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MDCCLI.

BRITISH
15
63
MAY

THE PREFACE.

'TIS none of the leaſt of my diverſions to ſee one part of the world laughing at the other, yet all ſeem fully ſatisfied with their own opinions and abilities; but I ſhall never quarrel with any man whoſe temper is the reverſe of mine, and enters not into the taſte of the ſame pleaſures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be diſobliged at another's different way of thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a noſe not of a ſhape with his. Every man is born with a particular bent, which will diſcover itſelf in ſpite of all oppoſition. Mine is obvious, which, ſince I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged myſelf in the purſuit, though many difficulties lay in my way.

Whether poetry be the moſt elevated, delightful and generous ſtudy in the world, is more than I dare affirm; but I think ſo. Yet I am afraid, when the following Miſcellany is examined, I ſhall not be found to deſerve the eminent character that belongs to the Epic Maſter, whoſe fire and flegm is equally blended.—But *Anacreon*, *Horace* and *Waller* were poets, and had ſouls warmed with true poetic flame, altho' their patience fell ſhort of thoſe who could beſtow a number of years on the finiſhing one heroic poem, and juſtly claim the pre-eminence.

If I know any faults in my own productions, I am not fool enough to blaze them: perhaps they may be overlook'd by the indulgence of my beſt friends, for whom I write.—'Tis not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four ſatyrs, but ſuch wretched ſtuff, that ſeveral

of my friends would alledge upon me that I had wrote and publiſhed them myſelf (none of the worſt Politicks, I own) to make the world believe I had no foes but fools. Such pedants as confine learning to the critical underſtanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother-tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye: but I'm even with them, when I tell them to their faces, without bluſhing, that I underſtand *Horace* but faintly in the original, and yet can feaſt on his beautiful thoughts dreſs'd in *Britiſh*;—and do not ſee any great occaſion for every man's being made capable to tranſlate the Claſſicks, when they are ſo elegantly done to his hand. Nor do I value tho' Dr. *Bentley* heard this: and perhaps it had been no worſe for the great Lyrick, that this ſame Doctor had underſtood the *Latin* tongue as little as I.—If this paragraph chance to raiſe a neſt of waſps, let them read the next to blunt their ſtings.

My chearful friends will pardon (a very eſſential qualification of a poet) my vanity, when, in ſelf-defence, I inform the ignorant, that many of the fineſt ſpirits, and of the higheſt quality and diſtinction, eminent for literature and knowledge of mankind, from an affability which ever accompanies great minds, tell me, 'They are pleaſed with what 'I have done; and add, That my ſmall knowledge 'of the dead or foreign languages, is nothing to my 'diſadvantage. King *David*, *Homer* and *Virgil*, 'ſay they, were more ignorant of the *Scots* and *Engliſh* tongue, than you are of *Hebrew*, *Greek* and '*Latin*: purſue your own natural manner, and be 'an Original.' One may very eaſily imagine, that I hear this with abundance of ſecret ſatisfaction and joy. The ladies too are on my ſide; they grace my ſong with the ſweetneſs of their voices, conn over

over my Paſtoral, and ſmile at my innocent merry tale.

Thus ſhielded by the Brave and Fair,
My foes may envy, but deſpair.

That I have expreſt my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the deſire of my beſt and wiſeſt friends; and moſt reaſonable, ſince good imagery, juſt ſimilies, and all manner of ingenious thoughts, in a well laid deſign, diſpoſed into numbers, is poetry.—Then good poetry may be in any language.—But ſome nations ſpeak rough, and their words are confounded with a multitude of hard conſonants, which makes the numbers unharmonious. Beſides, their language is ſcanty, which makes a diſagreeable repetition of the ſame words. —Theſe are no defects in ours; the pronunciation is liquid and ſonorous, and much fuller than the *Engliſh*, of which we are maſters, by being taught it in our ſchools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native words, of eminent ſignificancy, makes our tongue be far the completeſt: for inſtance, I can ſay, *an empty houſe, a toom barrel, a boſs-head*, and *a hollow heart*.—Many ſuch examples might be given, but let this one ſuffice.

I cannot here omit a paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. *Sewel*, to a *London* edition of one of my Paſtorals, after he has ſaid ſome things very handſomely in my favour.—In behalf of our language he expreſſes himſelf thus: *The following Poem, if I am not miſtaken (for I ſet up for no critic) is a true and juſt Paſtoral, abounding with thoſe beauties, which are either required, or are to be found in the beſt eſteemed Paſtorals.*

The Scoticiſms, *which perhaps may offend ſome over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry,*

and

and become their place as well as the Doric *dialect of* Theocritus, *ſo much admired by the beſt judges. When I mention that tongue, I bewail my own little knowledge of it, ſince I meet with ſo many words and phraſes ſo expreſſive of the ideas they are intended to repreſent. A ſmall acquaintance with that language, and our* Engliſh *poets, will convince any man, that we ſpend too much time in looking abroad for trifling delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more ſubſtantial, as well as a more elegant entertainment.*

There are ſome of the following, which we commonly reckon *Engliſh* poetry, ſuch as the *Morning Interview*, *Content*, &c. but all their difference from the others is only in the orthography of ſome words; ſuch as *from* for *frae*, *bold* for *bauld*, and ſome few names of things; and in thoſe, tho' the words be pure *Engliſh*, the idiom or phraſeology is ſtill *Scots*.

Throughout the whole, I have only copied from nature; and with all precaution have ſtudied, as far as it came within the ken of my obſervation and memory, not to repeat what has been already ſaid by others, tho' it be next to impoſſible ſometimes to ſtand clear of them, eſpecially in the little Love-plots of a ſong.—There are, towards the end of this Miſcellany, five or ſix imitations of *Horace*, which any acquainted with that author will preſently obſerve.—I have only ſnatched at his thought and method in groſs, and dreſs'd them up in *Scots*, without confining myſelf to no more or no leſs; ſo that theſe are only to be reckoned a following of his manner.

This is all I think needful in defence of my book, and to keep it in countenance with a Preface.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, *on his* Poetical Works.

HAIL northern bard! thou fav'rite of the Nine;
Bright, or as *Horace* did, or *Virgil* ſhine.
In ev'ry part of what thou'ſt done we find
How they, and great *Apollo* too, have joined
To furniſh thee with an uncommon ſkill,
And with poetick fire thy boſom fill.

Thy *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught
With tuneful numbers and majeſtick thought:
And *Celia*, who her lover's ſuit diſdain'd,
Is by all-powerful gold at length obtain'd.

When winter's hoary aſpect makes the plains
Unpleaſant to the nymphs, and jovial ſwains;
Sweetly thou do'ſt thy rural couples call
To pleaſures known within *Edina*'s wall.

When, *Allan*, thou, for reaſons thou know'ſt beſt,
Doom'd buſy *Cowper* to eternal reſt:
What mortal could thine el'gy on him read,
And not have ſworn he was defunct indeed!
Yet, that he might not loſe accuſtom'd dues,
You rous'd him from the grave to open pews;
Such magick, worthy *Allan*, hath thy muſe.

Th' experienc'd bawd, in apteſt ſtrains thou'ſt made
Early inſtruct her pupils in their trade;
Leſt when their faces wrinkled are with age,
They ſhould not cullies as when young engage.

But on our ſex why art thou ſo ſevere,
To wiſh for pleaſure we may pay ſo dear:
Suppoſe that thou had'ſt, after cheerful juice,
Met with a ſtrolling harlot wond'rous ſpruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to reſort
Where claret might be drunk, or, if not, port;
Suppoſe, I ſay, that this thou granted had,
And freedom took with the enticing jade,
Would'ſt thou not hope ſome artiſt might be found
To cure, if ought you ail'd, the ſmarting wound?

When of the *Caledonian* garb you ſing,
(Which from *Tartana*'s diſtant clime you bring,)
With how much force you recommend the plaid,
To ev'ry jolly ſwain, and lovely maid.
But if, as fame reports, ſome of thoſe wights,
Who canton'd are among the rugged heights,
No breeks put on, ſhould'ſt thou not them adviſe,
(Excuſe me, *Ramſay*, if I am too nice)
To take, as fitting 'tis, ſome ſpeedy care
That what ſhould hidden be, appears not bare;
Leſt damſels, yet unknowing, ſhould by chance,
Their nimble ogle t'wards the object glance:
If this thou do'ſt, we, who the ſouth poſſeſs,
May teach our females how they ought to dreſs;
But chiefly let them underſtand, 'tis meet
They ſhould their legs hide more, if not their feet,
Too much by help of whale-bone now diſplay'd,
Ev'n from the dutcheſs to the kitchen-maid;
But with more reaſon, thoſe who give diſtaſte,
When on their uncouth limbs our eyes we caſt.

Thy other ſonnets in each ſtanza ſhew,
What, when of love you think, thy muſe can do.

So

So movingly thou'ſt made the am'rous ſwain,
Wiſh on the moor his laſs to meet again,
That I, methinks, find an unuſual pain.
Nor haſt thou, chearful bard, expreſt leſs ſkill,
When the briſk laſs you ſang of *Patie's-mill*;
Or *Suſy*, whom the lad with yellow hair,
Thou'ſt made in ſoft and pleaſing notes prefer
To nymphs leſs handſome, conſtant, gay and fair.

In lovely ſtrains kind *Nancy* you addreſs,
And make fond *Willy* his coy *Jean* poſſeſs:
Which done, thou'ſt bleſt the lad in *Nelly*'s arms,
Who long had abſent been 'midſt dire alarms.
And artfully you've plac'd within the grove,
Jammie to hear his miſtreſs own her love.

A gentle care you've found for *Strephon*'s breaſt,
By ſcornful *Betty* long depriv'd of reſt.
And when the bliſsful pairs you thus have crown'd,
You'd have the glaſs go merrily around,
To ſhake off care, and render ſleep more ſound.

Who e'er ſhall ſee, or hath already ſeen,
Thoſe bonny lines call'd *Chriſt's kirk on the Green*,
Muſt own that thou haſt, to thy laſting praiſe,
Deſerv'd as well as royal JAMES the bays.
'Mong other things you've painted to the life,
A ſot unactive lying by his wife,
Which oft 'twixt wedded folks makes woful ſtrife.

When 'gainſt the ſcribbling knaves your pen you drew,
How didſt thou laſh the vile preſumptuous crew!
Not much fam'd *Butler*, who had gone before,
E'er ridicul'd his knight, or *Ralpho* more;
So well thou's done it, equal ſmart they feel,
As if thou'd pierc'd their hearts with killing ſteel.

They

They thus ſubdu'd, you in pathetick rhyme,
A ſubject undertook that's more ſublime,
By noble thoughts, and words diſcreetly join'd,
Thou'ſt taught me how I may contentment find.
And when to *Addiſ*'s fame you touch'd the lyre,
Thou ſang'ſt like one of the ſeraphick choir.
So ſmoothly flow thy nat'ral rural ſtrains,
So ſweetly too, you've made the mournful ſwains
His death lament, what mortal can forbear
Shedding, like us, upon his tomb a tear.

Go on, fam'd bard, thou wonder of our days,
And crown thy head with never-fading bays;
While grateful *Britons* do thy lines revere,
And value, as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.

To the AUTHOR.

AS once I view'd a rural ſcene,
With ſummer's ſweets profuſely wild;
Such pleaſure ſooth'd my giddy ſenſe,
I raviſh'd ſtood, while nature ſmil'd.

Straight I reſolv'd and choſe a field,
Where all the ſpring I might transfer;
There ſtood the trees in equal rows,
Here *Flora*'s pride in one parterre.

The taſk was done, the ſweets were fled,
Each plant had loſt its ſprightly air,
As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
Or to their will not matched were.

The

The narrow ſcene diſpleas'd my mind,
  Which daily ſtill more homely grew:
At length I fled the loathed ſight,
  And hy'd me to the fields a-new.

Here nature wanton'd in her prime;
  My fancy rang'd the boundleſs waſte:
Each different ſight pleas'd with ſurprize,
  I welcom'd back the pleaſures paſt.

Thus ſome who feel *Apollo*'s rage,
  Would teach their muſe her dreſs and time,
'Till hamper'd ſo with rules of art,
  They ſmother quite the vital flame.

The daily chime, the ſame dull tone,
  Their muſe no daring ſallies grace,
But ſtifly held with bit and curb,
  Keeps heavy trot, tho' equal pace.

But who takes nature for his rule,
  Shall by her gen'rous bounty ſhine;
His eaſy muſe revels at will,
  And ſtrikes new wonders every line.

Keep then, my friend, your native guide,
  Never diſtruſt her plenteous ſtore,
Ne'er leſs propitious will ſhe prove
  Than now; but, if ſhe can, ſtill more.

C. T.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

TOO blindly partial to my native tongue,
Fond of the ſmoothneſs of our *Engliſh* ſong;
At firſt thy numbers did uncouth appear,
And ſhock'd the affected niceneſs of the ear.
Thro' prejudice's eye each page I ſee;
Tho' all were beauties, none were ſo to me.
Yet ſham'd at laſt, whilſt all thy genius own,
To have that genius hid from me alone;
Reſolv'd to find, for praiſe or cenſure, cauſe,
Whether to join with all, or all oppoſe,
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again:
At length the uſeful ſearch requites my pain;
My falſe diſtaſte to inſtant pleaſures turn'd,
As much I envy as before I ſcorn'd:
And thus the error of my pride to clear,
I ſign my honeſt recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, *on the Publication of his* Poems.

DEAR *Allan*, who that hears your ſtrains,
Can grudge that you ſhould wear the bays,
When 'tis ſo long ſince *Scotia*'s plains
Could boaſt of ſuch melodious lays?

What

What tho' the criticks, ſnarling curs!
Cry out, your *Pegaſus* wants reins;
Bid them provide themſelves of ſpurs;
Such riders need not fear their brains.

A muſe that's healthy, fair and ſound,
With noble ardor fearleſs haſtes
O'er hill and dale; but carpet-ground
Was ay for tender-footed beaſts.

E'en let the fuſtian coxcombs chuſe
Their carpet-ground; but the green field
Was held a walk for *Virgil*'s muſe,
And *Virgil* was an unco' chield!

Your muſe, upon her native ſtock
Subſiſting, raiſes thence a name;
While they are forc'd to pick the lock
Of other bards, and pilfer fame.

Oft when I read your joyous lines,
So full of pleaſant jeſts and wit,
So blyth and gay the humour ſhines,
It gives me many a merry fit.

Then when I hear of *Maggy*'s charms,
And *Roger* tholing fair diſdain,
The bonny laſs my boſom warms,
And mickle I bemoan the ſwain.

For who can hear the lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artleſs undiſſembled pain,
Unleſs he has a heart of ſteel.

But

But *Patie*'s wiles and cunning arts
  Appeaſe th' imaginary grief,
Declare him well a clown of parts,
  And bring the wretched wight relief.

More might be ſaid; but in a friend
  Encomiums ſeem but dull and flat,
The wiſe approve, but fools commend,
  A *Pope*'s authority for that.

Elſe *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,
  To grudge the muſe's utmoſt force,
Or ſpare in ſuch a cauſe my feet,
  To clinch at leaſt in praiſe of your's.

JA. ARBUCKLE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 MAY

THE

THE
Morning Interview.

Such killing Looks, ſo thick the Arrows fly,
That 'tis unſafe to be a Stander-by:
Poets approaching to deſcribe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds inſtructed how to write.

WALLER, 130.

WHEN ſilent ſhow'rs refreſh the pregnant ſoil,
And tender ſallats eat with *Tuſcan* oil,
Harmonious muſick gladens ev'ry grove,
While bleating lambkins from their parents rove,
And o'er the plain the anxious mothers ſtray,
Calling their tender care with hoarſer bae.
Now cheerful *Zephyr* from the weſtern ſkies
With eaſy flight o'er painted meadows flies,
To kiſs his *Flora* with a gentle air,
Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair.

When from debauch with ſp'rituous juice oppreſt,
The ſons of *Bacchus* ſtagger home to reſt,
With tatted wigs, foul ſhoes, and uncock'd hats,
And all bedaub'd with ſnuff their looſe cravats.

The ſun began to ſip the morning dew,
As *Damon* from his reſtleſs pillow flew.

Him late from *Celia*'s cheek a patch did wound,
A patch high ſeated on the bluſhing round.
His painful thoughts all night forbid him reſt,
And he employ'd that night as one oppreſt;
Muſing revenge, and how to countermine
The ſtrongeſt force, and ev'ry deep deſign
Of patches, fans, of necklaces and rings,
Ev'n muſick's pow'r, when *Celia* plays or ſings.

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day,
Happy in want of thought his valet lay,
Recruiting ſtrength with ſleep.—His maſter calls,
He ſtarts with lock'd-up eyes, and beats the walls.
A ſecond thunder rouſes up the ſot;
He yawns and murmurs curſes thro' his throat:
Stockings awry, and breeches-knees unlac'd,
And buttons do miſtake their holes for haſte.
His maſter raves,—cries, *Roger*, make diſpatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch:
Haſte, do my wig, ty't with the careleſs knots,
And ran to *Civet*'s, let him fill my box.
Go to my laundreſs, ſee what makes her ſtay,
And call a coach and barber in your way.

Thus orders juſtle orders in a throng:
Roger with laden mem'ry trots along.
His errands done; with bruſhes next he muſt
Renew his toil amidſt perfuming duſt;
The yielding comb he leads with artful care,
Through crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair:
E'er this perform'd he's almoſt choak'd to death,
The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 MAY 63

The

The trav'ler thus in the *Numidian* plains,
A conflict with the driving ſands ſuſtains.

Two hours are paſt, and *Damon* is equipt,
Penſive he ſtalks, and meditates the fight:
Arm'd *cap-a-pee*, in dreſs a killing beau,
Thrice view'd his glaſs, and thrice reſolv'd to go,
Fluſh'd full of hope to overcome his foe.
His early pray'rs were all to *Paphos* ſent,
That *Jove*'s ſea-daughter wou'd give her conſent:
Cry'd, *Send thy little ſon unto my aid.*
Then took his hat, tript out, and no more ſaid.

What lofty thoughts do ſometimes puſh a man
Beyond the verge of his own native ſpan!
Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor boaſt thy pow'r;
Fate will be fate: And ſince there's nothing ſure,
Vex not thyſelf too much, but catch th' auſpicious hour.

The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins ſung,
And thrice were bells for pious ſervice rung.
In plaids wrap'd up, prudes throng the ſacred dome,
And leave the ſpacious petticoat at home:
While ſofteſt dreams ſeal'd up fair *Celia*'s eyes,
She dreams of *Damon*, and forgets to riſe.
A ſportive *Sylph* contrives the ſubtile ſnare.
Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair;
She ſhews him handſome, brawny, rich and young,
With ſnuff-box, cane, and ſword-knot finely hung,
Well ſkill'd in airs of dangle, toſs and rap,
Thoſe graces which the tender hearts entrap.

Where *Aulus* oft makes law for juſtice paſs,
And *CHARLES*'s ſtatue ſtands in laſting braſs,

Amidſt a lofty ſquare which ſtrikes the ſight,
With ſpacious fabricks of ſtupendous height;
Whoſe ſublime roofs in clouds advance ſo high,
They ſeem the watch-tow'rs of the nether ſky;
Where once alas! where once the three eſtates
Of *Scotland*'s parliament held free debates:
Here *Celia* dwelt, and here did *Damon* move,
Preſs'd by his rigid fate, and raging love.

To her apartment ſtraight the daring ſwain
Approach'd, and ſoftly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.
The nymph new wak'd ſtarts from the lazy down,
And rolls her gentle limbs in morning-gown:
But half awake, ſhe judges it muſt be
Frankalia come to take her morning-tea;
Cries, welcome, couſin. But ſhe ſoon began
To change her viſage when ſhe ſaw a man:
Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range,
And pale ſurprize to modeſt red exchange:
Doubtful 'twixt modeſty and love ſhe ſtands,
Then aſk'd the bold impertinent's demands.
Her ſtrokes are doubled, and the youth now found
His pains increaſe, and open ev'ry wound.
Who can deſcribe the charms of looſe attire?
Who can reſiſt the flames with which they fire?
Ah, barbarous maid! he cries, ſure native charms
Are too too much: Why then ſuch ſtore of arms?
Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneaſy pains,
Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge;
A borrow'd pow'r was poſted on a charm:
A patch, damn'd patch! can patches work ſuch harm?

He ſaid; then threw a bomb, lay hid within
Love's mortar-piece, the dimple of his chin:

It

It miſs'd for once, ſhe lifted up her head,
And bluſh'd a ſmile, that almoſt ſtruck him dead,
Then cunningly retir'd, but he purſu'd
Near to the toilet, where the war renew'd;
Thus the great *Fabius* often gain'd the day
O'er *Hannibal*, by frequent giving way:
So warlike *Bruce* and *Wallace* ſometimes deign'd
To ſeem defeat, yet certain conqueſt gain'd.

Thus was he led in midſt of *Celia*'s room,
Speechleſs he ſtood, and waited for his doom:
Words were but vain, he ſcarce could uſe his breath,
As round he view'd the implements of death.
Her dreadful arms in careleſs heaps were laid
In gay diſorder round her tumbled bed:
He often to the ſoft retreat wou'd ſtare,
Still wiſhing he might give the battle there.
Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did ſtray
To where lac'd ſhoes and her ſilk ſtockings lay,
And garters which are never ſeen by day.
His dazl'd eyes almoſt deſerted light;
No man before had ever got the ſight,
A lady's garters, earth! their very name,
Tho' yet unſeen, ſets all the ſoul on flame.
The royal *Ned* knew well their mighty charms,
Elſe he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *Engliſh* arms.
Let barb'rous honours crown the ſword and lance,
Thou next their King does *Britiſh* knights advance,
O GARTER! *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

O who can all theſe hidden turns relate,
That do attend on a raſh lover's fate!

132. The Royal Ned.) Edward III. King of England, who eſtabliſhed the moſt honourable Order of the Garter.

In deep diſtreſs the youth turn'd up his eyes,
As if to aſk aſſiſtance from the ſkies.
The petticoat was hanging on a pin,
Which the unlucky ſwain ſtar'd up within:
His curious eyes too daringly did rove,
Around this oval conic vault of love:
Himſelf alone can tell the pain he found,
While his wild ſight ſurvey'd forbidden ground.
He view'd the ten-fold fence, and gave a groan;
His trembling limbs beſpoke his courage gone:
Stupid and pale he ſtood, like ſtatue dumb,
The amber ſnuff dropp'd from his careleſs thumb.
Be ſilent here, my Muſe, and ſhun a plea
May riſe betwixt old *Bickerſtaff* and me;
For none may touch a petticoat but he.

Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone,
Aſſiſt, ye pow'rs of love, elſe I am gone.
The ardent pray'r ſoon reach'd the *Cyprian* grove,
Heard and accepted by the queen of love.
Fate was propitious too, her ſon was by,
Who 'midſt his dread artillery did lie
Of *Flanders* lace, and ſtraps of curious dye.
On *India* muſlin ſhades the God did loll,
His head reclin'd upon a tinſy roll.

The mother Goddeſs thus her ſon beſpoke,
'Thou muſt, my boy, aſſume the ſhape of *Shock*,
'And leap to *Celia*'s lap; whence thou may ſlip
'Thy paw up to her breaſt, and reach her lip:
'Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'rful art diſplay,
'To make young *Damon* conqueror to day.
'Thou need not bluſh to change thy ſhape, ſince
'*Jove*
'Try'd moſt of brutal forms to gain his love;
'Who

'Who that he might his loud *Saturnia* gull,
'For fair *Europa*'s ſake inform'd a bull.'

She ſpoke—Not quicker does the lamp of day
Dart on the mountain tops a gilded ray,
Swifter than light'ning flies before the clap,
From *Cyprus* iſle he reached *Celia*'s lap:
Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm;
She hugs him to her breaſt, nor dreads the harm.
So in *Aſcanius*' ſhape, the God unſeen
Of old deceiv'd the *Carthaginian* queen.

So now the ſubtile pow'r his time eſpies,
And threw two barbed darts in *Celia*'s eyes:
Many were broke before he cou'd ſucceed;
But that of gold flew whizzing through her head:
Theſe were his laſt reſerve.—When others fail,
Then the refulgent metal muſt prevail.
Pleaſure produc'd by money now appears,
Coaches and ſix run rattling in her ears.
O liv'ry-men! attendants! houſhold plate!
Court-poſts and viſits! pompous air and ſtate!
How can your ſplendor eaſy acceſs find,
And gently captivate the fair one's mind?
Succeſs attends, *Cupid* has play'd his part,
And ſunk the pow'rful venom to her heart.
She cou'd no more, ſhe's catched in the ſnare,
Sighing ſhe fainted in her eaſy chair.
No more the ſanguine ſtreams in bluſhes glow,
But to ſupport the heart all inward flow,
Leaving the cheek as cold and white as ſnow.
Thus *Celia* fell, or rather thus did riſe:
Thus *Damon* made, or elſe was made a prize;
For both were conquerors, and both did yield,
Firſt ſhe, now he, is maſter of the field.

Now he reſumes freſh life, abandons fear,
Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear.
Not gaming heir when his rich parent dies,
Not zealot reading *Hackney*'s party-lies,
Not ſoft fifteen on her feet-waſhing night,
Not poet when his muſe ſublimes her flight,
Not an old maid for ſome young beauty's fall,
Not the long tending *Stibler* at his call,
Not huſbandman in drought when rain deſcends,
Not miſs when *Limberham* his purſe extends,
E'er knew ſuch raptures as this joyful ſwain,
When yielding, dying *Celia* calm'd his pain.
The rapid joys now in ſuch torrents roul,
That ſcarce his organs can retain his ſoul.

Victor he's gen'rous, courts the fair's eſteem,
And takes a baſon fill'd with limpid ſtream,
Then from his fingers form'd an artful rain,
Which rouz'd the dormant ſpirits of her brain,
And made the purple channels flow again.
She lives, he ſings; ſhe ſmiles, and looks more tame:
Now peace and friendſhip is the only theme.

The muſe owns freely here ſhe does not know
If language paſs'd between the *Belle* and *Beau*,
Or if in courtſhip ſuch uſe words or no.
But, ſure it is, there was a parley beat,
And mutual love finiſh'd the proud debate.
Then to complete the peace and ſeal the bliſs,
He for a diamond ring receiv'd a kiſs

211. Stibler.) A probationer.
213. Limberham.) A kind keeper.
227. Uſe Words.) It being alledged that the eloquence of this ſpecie lies in the elegance of dreſs.

Of

Of her ſoft hand.—Next the aſpiring youth,
With eager tranſports preſs'd her glowing mouth.
So by degrees the eagles teach their young
To mount on high and ſtare upon the ſun.

A ſumptuous entertainment crowns the war,
And all rich requiſites are brought from far.
The table boaſts its being from *Japan*,
Th' ingenious work of ſome great artiſan.
China, where potters coarſeſt mould refine,
That rays through the tranſparent veſſels ſhine;
The coſtly plates and diſhes are from thence,
And *Amazonia* muſt her ſweets diſpence;
To her warm banks our veſſels cut the main,
For the ſweet product of her luſcious cane.
Here *Scotia* does no coſtly tribute bring,
Only ſome kettles full of *Todian* ſpring.

Where *Indus* and the double *Ganges* flow,
On odorif'rous plains the leaves do grow,
Chief of the treat, a plant the boaſt of fame,
Sometimes call'd *Green*, *Bohea*'s its greater name.

O happieſt of herbs! Who would not be
Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee,
And with high tranſports act the part of *Tea!*
Kiſſes on thee the haughty *Belles* beſtow,
While in thy ſteams their coral lips do glow;
Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,
While men, even *Beaux*, with parched lips attend.

243. Amazonia.) A famous river in South America, whence we have our ſugar.

247. Todian ſpring.) Tod's well, which ſupplies the city with water.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE curtain's drawn: now gen'rous reader ſay,
Have ye not read worſe numbers in a play?
Sure here is plot, place, character and time,
All ſmoothly wrought in good firm Britiſh *rhime.*
I own 'tis but a ſample of my lays,
Which aſks the civil ſanction of your praiſe.
Beſtow't with freedom, let your praiſe be ample,
And I myſelf will ſhow you good example.
Keep up your face, altho' dull Criticks ſquint,
And cry, with empty nod, There's nothing in't:
They only mean there's nothing they can uſe;
Becauſe they find moſt where there's moſt refuſe.

Elegy *on* MAGGY JOHNSTON, *who died* anno 1711.

AULD *Reeky*, mourn in ſable hue,
Let ſouth of tears dreep like *May* dew,
To braw tippony bid adieu,
Which we with greed
Bended as faſt as ſhe cou'd brew,
But ah! ſhe's dead.

Maggy Johnſton lived about a mile ſouthward of Edinburgh, kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a ſmall ſort of ale agreeable to the taſte, very white, clear and intoxicating, which made people, who loved to have a good penny-worth for their money, be her frequent cuſtomers. And many others of every ſtation, ſometimes for diverſion, thought it no affront to be ſeen in her barn or yard.

1. Auld Reeky.) A name the country people give Edinburgh from the cloud of ſmoak or reek that is always impending over it.

3. To braw tippony.) She ſold the Scots pint, which is near two quarts Engliſh, for two-pence.

To

To tell the truth now *Maggy* dang,
Of cuſtomers ſhe had a bang;
For lairds and ſouters a' did gang
To drink bedeen,
The barn and yard was aft ſae thrang,
We took the green.

And there by dizens we lay down,
Syne ſweetly ca'd the healths arown,
To bonny laſſes black or brown,
As we loo'd beſt;
In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
And took our reſt.

When in our poutch we fand ſome clinks,
And took a turn o'er *Bruntsfield-Links*,
Aften in *Maggy*'s at Hy-jinks,
We guzl'd Scuds,
'Till we cou'd ſcarce wi hale out drinks
Caſt aff our duds.

We

7. Maggy dang.) He dings, or dang, is a phraſe which means to excel or get the better.

20. Bruntsfield-Links.) Fields between Edinburgh and Maggy's, where the citizens commonly play at the Gowff.

21. Hy-jinks.) A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich; thus, the queff or cup is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and after crying Hy-jinks, he throws them out: the number he caſts up points out the perſon muſt drink, he who threw, beginning at himſelf number one, and ſo round till the number of the perſon agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himſelf if the number be within twelve;) then he ſets the dice to him, or bids him take them: he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a ſmall forfeiture in money; then throws, and ſo on: but if he forgets to cry Hy-jinks he pays a forfeiture into the bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any thing in bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then with a great deal of caution he empties his cup, ſweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws; for

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow but we were blyth and fain!
When ony had their count miſtain,
O it was nice,
To hear us a' cry, pike ye'r bain
And ſpell ye'r dice.

Fou cloſs we us'd to drink and rant,
Until we did baith glowr and gaunt,
And piſh and ſpew, and yeſk and maunt,
Right ſwaſh I true;
Then of auld ſtories we did cant
Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the gowff,
Then *Maggy Johnſton*'s was our howff;
Now a' our gameſters may ſit dowff,
Wi' hearts like lead,
Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,
And ſae ſhe died.

Maun we be forc'd thy ſkill to tine?
For which we will right ſair repine;
Or haſt thou left to bairns of thine
The pauky knack
Of brewing ale amaiſt like wine?
That gar'd us crack.

for if he err in the articles, he loſes the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are, (1) Drink, (2) Draw, (3) Fill, (4) Cry Hy-jinks, (5) Count juſt, (6) Chuſe your doublet, man, viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the perſon whom you chuſe muſt pay a double of the common forfeiture, and ſo muſt you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this, and no bubble I can aſſure you; for a covetous fellow may ſave money, and get himſelf as drunk as he can deſire in leſs than an hour's time.

29. Pike ye'r Bain,) Is a cant phraſe, when one leaves a little in the cup, he is adviſed to pike his bone, i. e. drink it clean out.

41. Rax'd her a youff.) Reach'd her a blow.

Sae

Sae brawly did a peaſe-ſcon toaſt
Biz i' the queff, and flie the froſt;
There we gat fou wi' little coſt,
And muckle ſpeed,
Now wae worth death, our ſport's a' loſt,
Since *Maggy*'s dead.

Ae ſimmer night I was ſae fou,
Amang the riggs I geed to ſpew;
Syne down on a green bawk, I trow
I took a nap,
And ſoucht a' night baiillilow,
As ſound's a tap.

And whan the dawn begoud to glow,
I hirſl'd up my dizzy pow,
Frae 'mang the corn like wirricow,
Wi' bains ſae ſair,
And ken'd nae mair than if a ew
How I came there.

Some ſaid it was the pith of broom
That ſhe ſtow'd in her maſking-loom,
Which in our heads rais'd ſic a foom,
Or ſome wild ſeed,
Which aft the chaping ſtoup did toom,
But fill'd our head.

But now ſince 'tis ſae that we muſt
Not in the beſt ale put our truſt,

50. Flie the froſt.) Or fright the froſt or coldneſs out of it.

55. Ae ſimmer night, &c.) The two following ſtanzas are a true narrative.

On that ſlid place where I 'maiſt brake my bains,
To be a warning I ſet up twa ſtains,
That nane may venture there as I have done,
Unleſs wi' froſted nails he clink'd his ſhoon.

But

But whan we're auld return to duſt,
Without remead,
Why ſhou'd we tak it in diſguſt
That *Maggy*'s dead.

Of warldly comforts ſhe was rife,
And liv'd a'lang and hearty life,
Right free of care, or toil, or ſtrife,
'Till ſhe was ſtale,
And ken'd to be a kanny wife
At brewing ale.

Then farewell, *Maggy*, douce and fell,
Of Brewers a' thou boor the bell;
Let a' thy goſſies yelp and yell,
And without feed,
Gueſs whether ye're in heaven or hell,
They're ſure ye're dead.

EPITAPH.

O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

Elegy *on* JOHN COWPER, *Kirk-Treaſurer's Man*, anno 1714.

I Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,
John Cowper's dead, Ohon! Ohon!
To fill his poſt, alake there's none,
That with ſic ſpeed

'Tis neceſſary for the illuſtration of this Elegy to ſtrangers, to let them a little into the hiſtory of the Kirk-Treaſurer and his man: the treaſurer is choſen every year, a citizen reſpected for riches and honeſty; he is veſted with an abſolute power to ſeize and impriſon the girls that are too impatient to have on their green gown before it be hem'd; them he ſtrictly examines,

but

Cou'd ſa'r ſculdudry out like *John*,
But now he's dead. 6

He was right nacky in his way,
And eydent baith be night and day,
He wi' the lads his part cou'd play,
When right ſair ſteed,
He gart them good bill-filler pay,
But now he's dead. 12

Of whore-hunting he gat his fill,
And made be't mony pint and gill:
Of his braw poſt he thought nae ill,
Nor did nae need,
Now they may mak a kirk and mill
O't, ſince he's dead. 18

Altho' he was nae man of weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi quaking fear,

but no liberty to be granted till a fair account be given of theſe perſons they have obliged. It muſt be ſo: a liſt is frequently given ſometimes of a dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unfair traders whom they ſecretly aſſiſted in running their goods; theſe his lordſhip makes pay to ſome purpoſe according to their ability, for the uſe of the poor: if the lads be obſtreperous, the Kirk-Seſſions, and worſt of all, the ſtool of repentance is threatned; a puniſhment which few of any ſpirit can bear.

The treaſurer being changed every year, never comes to be perfectly acquainted with the affair; but their general ſervant continuing for a long time, is more expert at diſcovering ſuch perſons, and the places of their reſort, which makes him capable to do himſelf and cuſtomers both a good or ill turn. John Cowper maintain'd this poſt with activity and good ſucceſs for ſeveral years.

5. Sa'r ſculdudry.) In alluſion to a ſcent-dog, Sa'r from Savour or Smell, Sculdudry a name commonly given to Whoring.

11. Bill-filler.) Bull-ſilver.

She ſaw the Cow well ſerv'd, and took a Groat. Gay.

Durſt

Durſt ſcarce afore his face appear,
But hide their head;
The wylie carle he gather'd gear,
And yet he's dead.

Ay now to ſome part far awa,
Alas he's gane and left it a'!
May be to ſome ſad whilliwha
O' fremit blood,
'Tis an ill wind that dis na blaw
Some body good.

Fy upon death, he was to blame
To whirle poor *John* to his lang hame:
But tho' his arſe be cauld, yet fame,
Wi' tout of trumpet,
Shall tell how *Cowper*'s awfou name
Cou'd flie a ſtrumpet.

He ken'd the bawds and louns fou well,
And where they us'd to rant and reel,
He paukily on them cou'd ſteal,
And ſpoil their ſport;
Aft did they wiſh the muckle de'el
Might tak him for't.

But ne'er a ane of them he ſpar'd,
E'en tho' there was a drunken laird
To draw his ſword, and make a faird
In their defence,
John quietly put them in the guard
To learn mair ſenſe.

There maun they ly till ſober grown,
The lad neiſt day his fault maun own;

27. Whilliwha of fremit blood.) Whilliwha is a kind of an inſinuating deceitful fellow, Fremit blood, not a-kin, becauſe he had then no legitimate heirs of his own body.

45. Make a faird.) A buſtle like a bully.

And

And to keep a' things huſh and low'n,
He minds the poor,
Syne after a' his ready's flown,
He damns the whore.

And ſhe, poor jade, withoutten din,
Is ſent to *Leith*-wynd-fit to ſpin,
With heavy heart and cleathing thin,
And hungry wame,
And ilky month a well paid ſkin,
To mak her tame.

But now they may ſcoure up and down,
And ſafely gang their wakes arown,
Spreading their claps throw a' the town,
But fear or dread;
For that great kow to bawd and lown,
John Cowper's dead.

Shame faw ye'r chandler chafts, O death,
For ſtapping of *John Cowper*'s breath;
The loſs of him is publick ſkaith:
I dare well ſay,
To quat the grip he was right laith
This mony a day.

POSTSCRIPT.

OF umquhile *John* to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill will, and looks right ſhan,
But ſome tell odd tales of the man,
For fifty head

52. He minds the poor.) Pays huſh-money to the treaſurer.
56. Leith-wynd-fit.) The houſe of correction at the foot of Leith-wynd, ſuch as Bridewell in London.
67. Chandler chafts.) Lean or meager cheeked, when the bones appear like the ſides or corners of a candleſtick, which in Scots we call a Chandler.

Can gi'e their aith they've ſeen him gawn
Since he was dead.
Keek but up throw the *ſtinking ſtile*,
On *Sunday* morning a wee while,
At the kirk-door out frae an iſle,
It will appear;
But tak good tent ye dinna file
Ye'r breeks for fear.
For well we wat it is his ghaiſt,
Wow, wad ſome ſouk that can do't beſt
Speak till't, and hear what it confeſt;
'Tis a good deed
To ſend a wand'ring ſaul to reſt
Amang the dead.

Elegy *on* Lucky Wood *in the* Canongate, *May* 1717.

O *Cannigate!* poor elritch hole,
What loſs, what croſſes does thou thole!
London and death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy head;
Wow,

77. Seen him gawn.) The common people when they tell their tales of ghoſts appearing, they ſay, he has been ſeen gawn or ſtalking.

79. Stinking ſtile.) Oppoſite to this place is the door of the church which he attends, being a beadle.

86. Wow, wad ſome-ſouk that can do't beſt.) 'Tis another vulgar notion, that a ghoſt will not be laid to reſt, till ſome prieſt ſpeak to it, and get account what diſturbs it.

Lucky Wood kept an ale-houſe in the Canongate, was much reſpected for hoſpitality, honeſty, and the neatneſs both of her perſon and houſe.

3. London and death.) The place of her reſidence being the greateſt ſufferer, by the loſs of our members of parliament, which

Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal
To blaw indeed.

Hear me ye hills, and every glen,
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,
And echo ſhrill, that a' may ken
The waefou thud
Be rackleſs death, wha came unſenn
To *Lucky Wood*.

She's dead o'er true, ſhe's dead and gane,
Left us and *Willie* burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to ſob and mane,
And rugg our hair,
Becauſe we'll ne'er ſee her again
For evermair.

She gae'd as fait as a new prin,
And kept her houſie ſnod and been;
Her peuther glanc'd upo' your een
Like ſiller plate;
She was a donſie wife and clean,
Without debate.

It did ane good to ſee her ſtools,
Her boord, fire-ſide, and facing tools;
Rax, chandlers, tangs, and fire-ſhools,
Baſket wi' bread.

which London now enjoys, many of them having their houſes there, being the ſuburb of Edinburgh neareſt the king's palace; this with the death of Lucky Wood are ſufficient to make the place ruinous.

11. Came unſenn,) or unſent for; there's nothing extraordinary in this, it being his common cuſtom, except in ſome few inſtances of late ſince the falling of the bubbles.

14. Willie.) Her huſband William Wood.

26. Facing tools.) Stoups (or pots) and cups, ſo call'd from the Facers. See l. 29.

Poor facers now may chew pea-hools,
Since *Lucky*'s dead.

She ne'er gae in a lawin fauſe,
Nor ſtoups a froath aboon the hauſe,
Nor kept dow'd tip within her waws,
But reaming ſwats;
She never ran ſour jute, becauſe
It gee's the batts.

She had the gate ſae well to pleaſe,
With *gratis* beef, dry fiſh, or cheeſe;
Which kept our purſes ay at eaſe,
And health in tift,
And lent her freſh nine gallon trees
A hearty lift.

She ga'e us aft hail legs o' lamb,
And did nae hain her mutton ham;
Than ay at *Yule*, when e'er we came,
A bra' gooſe pye,
And was na that good belly baum?
Nane dare deny.

The writer lads fow well may mind her,
Furthy was ſhe, her luck deſign'd her
Their common mither, ſure nane kinder
Ever brake bread;
She has na left her make behind her,
But now ſhe's dead.

29. Poor facers.) The facers were a club of fair drinkers who inclined rather to ſpend a ſhilling on ale than two-pence for meat; they had their name from a rule they obſerved of obliging themſelves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces: wherefore to ſave their face and cloaths, they prudently ſuck'd the liquor clean out.

31. She ne'er gae in, &c.) All this verſe is a fine picture of an honeſt ale-ſeller; a Rarity.

To

To the ſma' hours we aft ſat ſtill,
Nick'd round our toaſts and ſniſhing mill;
Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,
The beſt of bread,
Which aften coſt us mony a gill
To *Aikenhead.*

Cou'd our ſaut tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we cheeks like *Corra*'s lin,
That a' the warld might hear the din
Rair frae ilk head;
She was the wale of a' her kin,
But now ſhe's dead.

O *Lucky Wood*, 'tis hard to bear
The loſs; but oh! we maun forbear:
Yet ſall thy memory be dear
While blooms a tree,
And after ages bairns will ſpear
'Bout thee and me.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this ſod
Lies Lucky Wood,
Whom a' men might put faith in;
Wha was na ſweer,
While ſhe winn'd here,
To cramm our wames for naithing.

60. To Aikenhead's.) The nether-bow porter, to whom Lucky's cuſtomers were often obliged for opening the port for them, when they ſtaid out 'till the ſmall hours after midnight.

62. Like Corra's lin.) A very high precipice nigh Lanerk, over which the river of Clyde falls, making a great noiſe, which is heard ſome miles off.

LUCKY SPENCE's *laſt Advice.*

THREE times the carline grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the cod her pow ſhe lifted,
In bawdy policy well gifted,
When ſhe now faun,
That death nae langer wad be ſhifted,
She thus began:

MY loving laſſes, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi' ye'r greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,
But bring's a gill;
For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainſt my will.

O black-ey'd *Beſs* and mim-mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg;
Lay ſunkots up for a ſair leg,
For whan ye fail,
Ye'r face will not be worth a feg,
Nor yet ye'r tail.

Whan e'er ye meet a fool that's fow,
That ye're a maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice, but ſtick to him like glew;
And whan ſet down,

Lucky Spence, a famous bawd who flouriſhed for ſeveral years about the beginning of the eighteenth century; ſhe had her lodgings near Holyrood-houſe; ſhe made many a benefit-night to herſelf, by putting a trade in the hands of young laſſes that had a little pertneſs, ſtrong paſſions, abundance of lazineſs, and no fore-thought.

13. Mim mou'd.) Expreſſes an affected modeſty, by a preciſeneſs about the mouth.

Drive

Drive at the Jango till he ſpew,
Syn he'll ſleep ſoun.
Whan he's aſleep, then dive and catch
His ready caſh, his rings or watch;
And gin he likes to light his match
At your ſpunk-box,
Ne'er ſtand to let the ſumbling wretch
E'en take the pox.
Cleek a' ye can be hook or crook,
Ryp ilky poutch frae nook to nook;
Be ſure to truff his pocket-book,
Saxty pounds *Scots*
Is nae deaf nits: in little bouk
Lie great bank-notes.
To get a mends of whindgings fools,
That's frighted for repenting-ſtools,
Wha often, whan their metal cools,
Turn ſweer to pay,
Gar the kirk-boxie halē the dools
Anither day.
But dawt red coats, and let them ſcoup,
Free for the fou of cutty ſtoup;

27. Light his match, &c.) I could give a large annotation on this ſentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, leſt I diſoblige future criticks, by leaving nothing for them to do.

35. Is nae deaf nits,) or empty nuts; this is a negative manner of ſaying a thing is ſubſtantial.

37. To get a mends.) To be revenged; of whindging fools, fellows who wear the wrong ſide of their faces outmoſt, pretenders to ſanctity, who love to be ſmuggling in a corner.

40. Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools.) Delate them to the kirk-treaſurer. Hale the dools is a phraſe uſed at foot-ball, where the party that gains the goal or dool is ſaid to hail it or win the game, and ſo draws the ſtake.

44. Cutty ſtoup,) Little pot, i. e. a gill of brandy.

To gee them up, ye need na hope
E'er to do well:
They'll rive ye'r brats and kick your doup,
And play the deel.

There's ae ſair croſs attends the craft,
That curſt correction-houſe, where aft
Vild hangy's taz ye'r riggings ſaft
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a body daft;
But what'll ye ſay.

Nane gathers gear withoutten care,
Ilk pleaſure has of pain a ſkare;
Suppoſe then they ſhould tirle ye bare,
And gar ye ſike,
E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair
Ye're nibour like,

Forby, my looves, count upo' loſſes,
Ye'r milk-white teeth and cheeks like roſes,
Whan jet-black hair and brigs of noſes
Faw down wi' dads
To keep your hearts up 'neath ſic croſſes,
Set up for bawds.

Wi' well-criſh'd loofs I hae been canty,
Whan e'er the lads wad fain ha'e faun t'ye;
To try the auld game *Taunty Raunty.*
Like cooſers keen,
They took advice of me your aunty,
If ye were clean.

51. Hangy's taz.) If they perform not the taſk aſſigned them, they are whipt by the hangman.

54. But what'll ye ſay.) The emphaſis of this phraſe, like many others, cannot be underſtood but by a native.

Then

Then up I took my ſiller ca'
And whiſtl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa;
Roun'd in his lug, that there was a
Poor country *Kate*,
As haleſom as the wall of *Spaw*,
But unka blate.

Sae whan e'er company came in,
And were upo' a merry pin,
I ſlade away wi' little din,
And muckle menſe,
Left conſcience judge, it was a' ane
To *Lucky Spence*.

My Benniſon come on good doers,
Who ſpend their caſh on bawds and whores;
May they ne'er want the wale of cures
For a ſair ſnout:
Foul fa' the quacks wha that fire ſmoors,
And puts nae out.

My maliſon light ilka day
On them that drink, and dinna pay,
But tak a ſnack and rin away;
May't be their hap
Never to want a *Gonorrhœa*,
Or rotten clap.

74. And whiſtled benn.) But and Benn ſignify different ends or rooms of a houſe; to gang But and Benn is to go from one end of the houſe to the other.

75. Roun'd in his lug,) Whiſper'd in his ear.

83. Left conſcience judge.) It was her uſual way of vindicating herſelf to tell ye, When company came to her houſe, cou'd ſhe be ſo uncivil as to turn them out? If they did any bad thing, ſaid ſhe, between GOD and their conſcience be't.

88. Fire ſmoors.) Such quacks as bind up the external ſymptoms of the pox, and drive it inward to the ſtrong holds, whence it is not ſo eaſily expelled.

Laſt

Laſs gi'e us in anither gill,
A mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
Let death ſyne regiſtrate his bill,
Whan I want ſenſe,
I'll ſlip away with better will,
Quo' *Lucky Spence.* 102

TARTANA, *or the* PLAID.

YE *Caledonian* beauties, who have long
Been both the muſe, and ſubject of my ſong,
Aſſiſt your bard, who in harmonious lays
Deſigns the glory of your Plaid to raiſe:
How my fond breaſt with blazing ardour glows,
When e'er my ſong on you juſt praiſe beſtows.

Phœbus, and his imaginary nine,
With me have loſt the title of divine;
To no ſuch ſhadows will I homage pay,
Theſe to my real muſes ſhall give way:
My muſes, who on ſmooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
Stray through the groves, or grace the clover mead;
Or theſe who bathe themſelves where haughty *Clyde*
Does roaring o'er his lofty cat'racts ride;
Or you who on the banks of gentle *Tay*
Drain from the flowers the early dews of *May*,
To varniſh on your cheek the crimſon dy,
Or make the white the falling ſnow outvy:
And you who on *Edina*'s ſtreets diſplay
Millions of matchleſs beauties every day;
Inſpir'd by you, what poet can deſire
To warm his genius at a brighter fire?

I ſing the Plaid, and ſing with all my ſkill,
Mount then, O fancy, ſtandard to my will;
Be ſtrong each thought, run ſoft each happy line,
That gracefulneſs and harmony may ſhine,
Adapted to the beautiful deſign.
Great is the ſubject, vaſt th' exalted theme,
And ſhall ſtand fair in endleſs rolls of fame.

The Plaid's antiquity comes firſt in view,
Precedence to antiquity is due:
Antiquity contains a certain ſpell,
To make ev'n things of little worth excell;
To ſmalleſt ſubjects gives a glaring daſh,
Protecting high-born idiots from the laſh:
Much more 'tis valu'd, when with merit plac'd,
It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.

O firſt of garbs! garment of happy fate!
So long employ'd, of ſuch an antique date;
Look back ſome thouſand years, till records fail,
And loſe themſelves in ſome romantick tale,
We'll find our godlike fathers nobly ſcorn'd
To be with any other dreſs adorn'd;
Before baſe foreign faſhions interwove,
Which 'gainſt their int'reſt and their brav'ry ſtrove.
'Twas they could boaſt their freedom with proud *Rome*,
And arm'd in ſteel deſpiſe the ſenate's doom;
Whil'ſt o'er the globe their eagle they diſplay'd,
And conquer'd nations proſtrate homage paid,
They only, they unconquer'd ſtood their ground,
And to the mighty empire fixt the bound.
Our native prince who then ſupply'd the throne,
In Plaid array'd magnificently ſhone:
Nor ſeem'd his purple, or his ermine leſs,
Tho' cover'd by the *Caledonian* dreſs.

In

In this at court the thanes were gayly clad,
With this the ſhepherds and the hinds were glad,
In this the warrior wrapt his brawny arms,
With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms;
When ev'ry youth, and every lovely maid
Deem'd it a *Deſhabille* to want their Plaid.

O heav'ns! how chang'd? how little look their race?
When foreign chains with foreign modes take place;
When *Eaſt* and *Weſtern-Indies* muſt combine
To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw ſhine.
Thus while the *Grecian* troops in *Perſia* lay,
And learn'd the habit to be ſoft and gay,
By luxury enerv'd, they loſt the day.

I aſk'd *Varell*, what ſoldiers he thought beſt?
And thus he anſwer'd to my plain requeſt;
'Were I to lead batallions out to war,
'And hop'd to triumph in the victor's car,
'To gain the loud applauſe of worthy fame,
'And columns rais'd to eternize my name,
'I'd chooſe, had I my choice, that hardy race
'Who fearleſs can look terrors in the face;
'Who 'midſt the ſnows the beſt of limbs can fold
'In Tartan Plaids, and ſmile at chilling cold:
'No uſeleſs traſh ſhould pain my ſoldier's back,
'Nor canvas-tents make loaden axles crack;
'No rattling ſilks I'd to my ſtandards bind,
'But bright Tartana's waving in the wind:
'The Plaid alone ſhould all my enſigns be,
'This army from ſuch banners would not flie.
'Theſe, theſe were they, who naked taught the way
'To fight with art, and boldly gain the day.'
Ev'n great *Guſtavus* ſtood himſelf amaz'd,
While at their wond'rous ſkill and force he gaz'd.

With

With ſuch brave troops one might o'er *Europe* run,
Make out what *Richlieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun.

Degenerate Men! now ladies pleaſe to ſit,
That I the Plaid in all its airs may hit,
With all the powers of ſoftneſs mixt with wit.

While ſcorching *Titan* tawns the ſhepherd's brow,
And whiſtling hinds ſweat lagging at the plow:
The piercing beams *Brucina* can defy,
Not ſun-burnt ſhe's, nor dazzl'd is her eye.
Ugly's the maſk, the fan's a trifling toy
To ſtill at church ſome girl or reſtleſs boy.
Fix'd to one ſpot's the pine and myrtle ſhades,
But on each motion wait th' umbrellian Plaids,
Repelling duſt when winds diſturb the air,
And give a check to every ill-bred ſtare.

Light as the pinions of the airy fry,
Of larks and linnets who-traverſe the ſky,
Is the *Tartana*, ſpun ſo very fine,
Its weight can never make the fair repine,
By raiſing ferments in her glowing blood,
Which cannot be eſcap'd within the hood:
Nor does it move beyond its proper ſphere,
But lets the gown in all its ſhape appear;
Nor is the ſtraightneſs of her waiſt deny'd
To be by every raviſh'd eye ſurvey'd.
For this the hoop may ſtand at largeſt bend,
It comes not nigh, nor can its weight offend.

The *Hood* and *Mantle* make the tender faint;
I'm pain'd to ſee them moving like a tent.
By heather *Jenny* in her blanket dreſt,
The *Hood* and *Mantle* fully are expreſt;

Which

Which round her neck with rags is firmly bound,
While heather beſoms loud ſhe ſcreams around.
Was goody *Strode* ſo great a pattern, ſay?
Are ye to follow when ſuch lead the way?
But know each fair who ſhall this *Sur-tout* uſe,
You're no more *Scots*, and ceaſe to be my muſe.

The ſmootheſt labours of the *Perſian* loom
Lin'd in the Plaid, ſet off the beauty's bloom;
Faint is the gloſs, nor come the colours nigh,
Tho' white as milk, or dipt in ſcarlet-dy.
The lilly pluckt by fair *Pringella* grieves,
Whoſe whiter hand outſhines its ſnowy leaves:
No wonder then white ſilks in our eſteem,
Match'd with her fairer face, they ſully'd ſeem.

If ſhining red *Campbella*'s cheeks adorn,
Our fancies ſtraight conceive the bluſhing morn;
Beneath whoſe dawn the ſun of beauty lies,
Nor need we light but from *Campbella*'s eyes.

If lin'd with green *Stuarta*'s Plaid we view,
Or thine *Ramſeia* edg'd around with blue;
One ſhews the ſpring when nature is moſt kind,
The other heav'n, whoſe ſpangles lift the mind.

A garden-plot enrich'd with choſen flowers,
In ſun-beams baſking after vernal ſhowers,
Where lovely pinks in ſweet confuſion riſe,
And amaranths and eglintines ſurpriſe;
Hedg'd round with fragrant brier and jeſſamine,
The roſie thorn and variegated green;
Theſe give not half that pleaſure to the view,
As when, *Ferguſia*, mortals gaze on you:

You

You raiſe our wonder, and our love engage,
Which makes us curſe, and yet admire the hedge;
The ſilk and tartan hedge, which doth conſpire
With you to kindle love's ſoft ſpreading fire.
How many charms can every fair one boaſt!
How oft's our fancy in the plenty loſt!
Theſe more remote, theſe we admire the moſt.
What's too familiar often we deſpiſe,
But rarity makes ſtill the value riſe.

If *Sol* himſelf ſhou'd ſhine through all the day,
We cloy, and loſe the pleaſure of his ray:
But if behind ſome marly cloud he ſteal,
Nor for ſometime his radiant head reveal,
With brighter charms his abſence he repays,
And every ſun-beam ſeems a double blaze.
So when the fair their dazzling luſtres ſhroud,
And diſappoint us with a tartan cloud,
How fondly do we peep with wiſhful eye,
Tranſported when one lovely charm we ſpy?
Oft to our coſt, ah me! we often find
The power of love ſtrikes deep, tho' he be blind;
Perch'd on a lip, a cheek, a chin, or ſmile,
Hits with ſurpriſe, and throws young hearts in jail.

From when the cock proclaims the riſing day,
And milk-maids ſing around ſweet curds and whey;
'Till grey-ey'd twilight, harbinger of night,
Purſues o'er ſilver mountains ſinking light,
I can unwearied from my caſements view
The Plaid, with ſomething ſtill about it new.
How are we pleas'd, when with a handſome air
We ſee *Hepburna* walk with eaſy care?

176. Silver mountains,] Ochel hills.

One

One arm half-circles round her ſlender waiſt,
The other like an ivory pillar plac'd,
To hold her Plaid around her modeſt face,
Which ſaves her bluſhes with the gayeſt grace:
If in white kids her taper fingers move,
Or unconfin'd jet thro' the ſable glove.

With what a pretty action *Keitha* holds
Her Plaid, and varies oft its airy folds;
How does that naked ſpace the ſpirits move,
Between the ruffl'd lawn and envious glove?
We by the ſample, tho' no more be ſeen,
Imagine all that's fair within the ſkreen.

Thus belles in Plaids veil and diſplay their charms,
The love-ſick youth thus bright *Humea* warms,
And with her graceful mien her rivals all alarms.

The Plaid itſelf gives pleaſure to the ſight,
To ſee how all its ſetts imbibe the light;
Forming ſome way, which even to me lies hid,
White, black, blue, yellow, purple, green and red.
Let *Newton*'s royal club through priſms ſtare,
To view celeſtial dyes with curious care,
I'll pleaſe myſelf, nor ſhall my ſight aſk aid
Of cryſtal gimcracks to ſurvey the Plaid.

How decent is the Plaid when in the pew,
It hides th' inchanting fair from ogler's view.
The mind's oft crowded with ill-tim'd deſires,
When nymphs unvail'd approach the ſacred quires.
Even ſenators who guard the common weal,
Their minds may rove;—Are mortals made of ſteel?
The finiſht beaux ſtand up in all their airs,
And ſearch out beauties more than mind their prayers.

The

The wainſcot forty-ſix's are perplext
To be eclips'd, ſpite makes them drop the text.
The younger gaze at each fine thing they ſee;
The orator himſelf is ſcarcely free.
Ye then who wou'd your piety expreſs,
To ſacred domes ne'er come in naked dreſs.
The power of modeſty ſhall ſtill prevail;
Then *Scotian* virgins uſe your native vail.

Thus far young *Coſmel* read; then ſtar'd and curſt,
And aſkt me very gravely how I durſt
Advance ſuch praiſes for a thing deſpis'd?
He ſmiling, ſwore I had been ill adviſ'd.

To you, ſaid I, perhaps this may ſeem true,
And numbers vaſt, nor fools may ſide with you:
As many ſhall my ſentiments approve;
Tell me what's not the butt of ſcorn and love?
Were mankind all agreed to think one way,
What wou'd divines and poets have to ſay?
No enſigns wou'd on martial fields be ſpread,
And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read:
We'd need no councils, parliaments, nor kings,
Ev'n wit and learning wou'd turn ſilly things.
You miſs my meaning ſtill, I'm much afraid,
I wou'd not have them always wear the Plaid.

Old *Salem*'s royal ſage, of wits the prime,
Said, *For each Thing there was a proper Time.*
Night's but *Aurora*'s Plaid, that ta'en away,
We loſe the pleaſure of returning day;
Ev'n through the gloom, when view'd in ſparkling ſkies,
Orbs ſcarcely ſeen, yet gratify our eyes:
So through *Hamilla*'s op'ned Plaid, we may
Behold her heavenly face, and heaving milky way.

Spaniſh reſerve, join'd with a *Gallick* air,
If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* fair.

Now you ſay well, ſaid he; but when's the time
That they may drop the Plaid without a crime?

Then I;
Leſt, O fair nymphs, ye ſhou'd our patience tire,
And ſtarch reſerve extinguiſh gen'rous fire;
Since heaven your ſoft victorious charms deſign'd
To form a ſmoothneſs on the rougher mind:
When from the bold and noble toils of war,
The rural cares, or labours of the bar;
From theſe hard ſtudies which are learn'd and grave,
And ſome from dang'rous riding o'er the wave;
The *Caledonian* manly youth reſort
To their *Edina*, love's great mart and port,
And crowd her theatres with all that grace
Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* race;
At concert, ball, or ſome fair's marriage-day,
O then with freedom all that's ſweet diſplay.
When beauty's to be judg'd without a vail,
And not its Powers met out as by retail,
But wholeſale, all at once, to fill the mind
With ſentiments gay, ſoft, and frankly kind;
Throw by the Plaid, and like the lamp of day,
When there's no cloud to intercept his ray.
So ſhine *Maxella*, nor their cenſure fear,
Who, ſlaves to vapours, dare not ſo appear.

On *Ida*'s height, when to the royal ſwain,
To know who ſhould the prize of beauty gain,
Jove ſent his two fair daughters and his wife,
That he might be the judge to end the ſtrife:

Hermes

Hermes was guide, they found him by a tree,
And thus they ſpake with air divinely free,
Say, Paris, *which is faireſt of us three.*
To *Jove*'s high queen, and the celeſtial maids,
E're he wou'd paſs his ſentence, cry'd, *no Plaids.*
Quickly the goddeſſes obey'd his call,
In ſimple nature's dreſs he view'd them all,
Then to *Cyth'rea* gave the golden ball.

Great criticks hail! our dread, whoſe love or hate,
Can with a frown, or ſmile, give verſe its fate;
Attend, while o'er this field my fancy roams,
I've ſomewhat more to ſay, and here it comes.

When virtue was a crime, in *Tancred*'s reign,
There was a noble youth who wou'd not deign
To own for ſovereign one a ſlave to vice,
Or blot his conſcience at the higheſt price;
For which his death's devis'd with helliſh art,
To tear from his warm breaſt his beating heart.
Fame told the tragick news to all the fair,
Whoſe num'rous ſighs and groans bound through the air:
All mourn his fate, tears trickle from each eye,
'Till his kind ſiſter threw the woman by;
She in his ſtead a gen'rous off'ring ſtaid,
And he, the tyrant baulk'd, hid in her Plaid.
So when *Æneas* with *Achilles* ſtrove,
The goddeſs mother haſted from above,
Well ſeen in fate, prompt by maternal love,
Wrapt him in miſt, and warded off the blow
That was deſign'd him by his valiant foe.

298. Homer.

I of the Plaid could tell a hundred tales;
Then hear another, ſince that ſtrain prevails.

The tale no records tell, it is ſo old,
It happen'd in the eaſy age of gold;
When am'rous *Jove*, chief of th' *Olympian* gods,
Pall'd with *Saturnia*, came to our abodes,
A beauty-hunting; for in theſe ſoft days,
Nor gods, nor men delighted in a chace
That wou'd deſtroy, not propagate their race.
Beneath a fir-tree in *Glentanar*'s groves,
Where, e'er gay fabricks roſe, ſwains ſung their loves,
Iris lay ſleeping in the open air,
A bright *Tartana* vail'd the lovely fair;
The wounded god beheld her matchleſs charms,
With earneſt eyes, and graſp'd her in his arms.
Soon he made known to her, with gaining ſkill,
His dignity, and import of his will.
Speak thy deſire, the divine monarch ſaid,
Make me a goddeſs, cry'd the *Scotian* maid,
Nor let hard fate bereave me of my Plaid.
Be thou the hand-maid to my mighty queen,
Said *Jove*, *and to the world be often ſeen*
With the celeſtial bow, and thus appear
Clad with theſe radiant colours as thy wear.

Now ſay, my muſe, e're thou forſake the field,
What profit does the Plaid to *Scotia* yield?
Juſtly that claims our love, eſteem and boaſt,
Which is produc'd within our native coaſt.
On our own mountains grows the golden fleece,
Richer than that which *Jaſon* brought to *Greece*:

312. Glentanar's groves.) A large wood in the north of Scotland.

A beneficial branch of *Albion*'s trade,
And the firſt parent of the Tartan Plaid.
Our fair ingenious ladies hands prepare
The equal threads, and give the dyes with care:
Thouſands of artiſts ſullen hours decoy
On rattling looms, and view their webs with joy.

May ſhe be curſt to ſtarve in *Frogland Fens*,
To wear a *Fala* ragg'd at both the ends,
Groan ſtill beneath an *antiquated Suit*,
And die a maid at *fifty-five* to boot!
May ſhe turn *quaggy Fat*, or *crooked Dwarf*,
Be *ridicul'd* while primm'd up in her *Scarf*;
May *Spleen* and *Spite* ſtill keep her on the *Fret*,
And live till ſhe *outlive* her beauty's date;
May all this fall, and more than I have ſaid,
Upon that *Wench* who diſregards the Plaid.

But with the ſun let ev'ry joy ariſe,
And from ſoft ſlumbers lift her happy eyes;
May blooming youth be fixt upon her face,
'Till ſhe has ſeen her fourth deſcending race;
Bleſt with a mate with whom ſhe can agree,
And never want the fineſt of *Bohea*:
May ne'er the *Miſer*'s fears make her afraid,
Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.
Let bright *Tartana*'s henceforth ever ſhine,
And *Caledonian* goddeſſes enſhrine.

Fair judges, to your cenſure I ſubmit,
If you allow this poem to have wit,
I'll look with ſcorn upon theſe muſty fools,
Who only move by old worm-eaten rules.

340. Fala.) A little ſquare cloath wore by the Dutchwomen.

But with th' ingenious if my labours take,
I wiſh them ten times better for their ſake;
Who ſhall eſteem this vain, are in the wrong;
I'll prove the moral is prodigious ſtrong:
I hate to trifle, men ſhould act like men,
And for their country only draw their ſword and pen.

SCOTS SONGS.

The happy Lover's Reflections.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me:
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;

Yet

Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
She ſhall a lover find me,
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs of PEATIE's *Mill.*

THE laſs of *Peatie*'s mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
She ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it wou'd give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſure at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of *Peatie*'s mill
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

DELIA. *To the Tune of* Green-ſleeves.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who ſkiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a care,

26. Hopeton's high mountains,) Thirty-three miles ſouth-weſt of Edinburgh, where the right honourable the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

And

And repreſent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, juſtice, love and truth,
'Till I return, her paſſions ſooth
For me, in whiſpers move her.

Be careful, no baſe ſordid ſlave,
With ſoul ſunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to ſave,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upſide down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms eſpy
In ſhadows which at diſtance lie,
Whoſe hop'd-for pleaſure when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But, caſt into a mold divine,
Fair *Delia* does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays,
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſick paſs whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

The Yellow-hair'd LADDIE.

IN *April* when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* wou'd oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
He ſang with ſo ſoft and inchanting a ſound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud air;
But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly cou'd ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke truth;
But *Suſie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſow'r:
Then ſighing, he wiſh'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his miſtreſs might be.

NANNY-O.

WHILE ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny-O*.
She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*,
Than *Leda* did or *Danae-O*;
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely-O,
I gueſs what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely-O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breath in the bleſt *Britannio*,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny O*.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-O,
My loving charming Nanny-O,
I care not tho' the world do know
How dearly I love Nanny O.

2. Lais.) A famous Corinthian courtizan.
6. Leda and Danae.) Two beauties to whom Jove made love; to one in the figure of a ſwan, to the other in a golden ſhower.

BONNY

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a myrtle grove
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For *Jeanie*'s haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph with haughty air
Refuſes *Willie*'s kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems:
When ſunk in downs with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s fair prize, the *Spartan* queen:
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

The Kind Reception. *To the Tune of* Auld lang ſyne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the noble heroe's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thouſand *Cupids* play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate,
Let that to their ſhare fall;
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball?
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may purſue the chace;
And after a blyth bottle end
All cares in my embrace:

And

And in a vacant rainy day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne. 32

The heroe pleas'd with the ſweet air,
And ſigns of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
Next day with glad conſent and haſte
Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine,
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

The PENITENT. *To the Tune of, The Laſs of* Livingſton.

PAIN'D with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s love,
Bell dropt a tear,—*Bell* dropt a tear,
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear,—Well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praiſes of the youth
From her own tongue,—From her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung,—And thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſt days when our ingen'ous ſex,
More frank and kind,—More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind,—But ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,—Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe to mourn,—Or cauſe to mourn. 16

Why

Why lov'd I the deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame,—Yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame,—To own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy,—And ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy,—My ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire,—Own your deſire;
While love's young power with his ſoft wing
Fans up the fire,—Fans up the fire.
O do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign,—Or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain,—But anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes,—With flowing eyes;
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurpriſe,—With ſweet ſurpriſe,
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd,—His mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,
I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd!

LOVE'S CURE. *To the Tune of*, Peggy I muſt love thee.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwreckt *Colin* ſpying
His native home, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying;

With

With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe.
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom I long lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, 'till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy*'s mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying;
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe,
Why ſhou'd we happy minutes loſe,
Since *Peggy* I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
Falſe *Betty*'s charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far out-ſhine them.

ODE.

ODE.

HENCE every thing that can
Diſturb the quiet of man;
Be blyth my ſoul,
In a full bowl.
Drown thy care,
And repair
The vital ſtream:
Since life's a dream,
Let wine abound,
And healths go round,
We'll ſleep more ſound;
And let the dull unthinking mob purſue
Each endleſs wiſh, and ſtill their toil renew.

BESSY BELL *and* MARY GRAY.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s hair's like a lint tap,
She ſmiles like a *May*-morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis*' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waſte and feet's ſow genty,
With ilka grace ſhe can command,
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like the craw,
Her eye like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, red-up and braw,
She kills when e'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae gracefou ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas.*

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco' ſair oppreſs us,
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

The young LAIRD *and* Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen
Coming down the ſtreet, my Jo,
My miſtreſs in her Tartan ſcreen,
Fou bonny, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
That never wiſh'd a lover ill;
Since ye're out of your mither's ſight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſom town a while?
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſummer's gawn to ſmile;

The

The mavis, nightingale and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whiſtling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw and park,
Will nouriſh health and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Does bend his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flowers to buſk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daizies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, ſaft and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
When e'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY's *Anſwer.*

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me,
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet ſir, but I'll tine my tocher,

Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyt ye'r poor *Kate*,
When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

EDINBURGH's *Addreſs to the Country.* Nov. 1718.

FROM me *Edina*, to the brave and fair,
Health, joy and love, and baniſhment of care:
Foraſmuch as bare fields and gurly ſkies
Make rural ſcenes ungrateful to the eyes;
When *Hyperborean* blaſts confound the plain,
Driving, by turns, light ſnow and heavy rain;
Ye ſwains and nymphs, forſake the wither'd grove,
That no damp colds may nip the buds of love;
Since winds and tempeſts o'er the mountains ride,
Haſte here where choice of pleaſures do reſide;
Come to my tow'rs, and leave th' unpleaſant ſcene,
My cheerful boſom ſhall your warmth ſuſtain,
Screen'd in my walls, you may bleak winter ſhun,
And, for a while, forget the diſtant ſun:

My

My blazing fires, bright lamps, and ſparkling wine,
As ſummer-ſun ſhall warm, like him ſhall ſhine.

My witty clubs of minds that move at large,
With every glaſs can ſome great thought diſcharge;
When from my ſenate, and the toils of law,
T' unbend the mind from bus'neſs you withdraw,
With ſuch gay friends to laugh ſome hours away,
My winter even ſhall ding the ſummer's day.

My ſchools of law produce a manly train
Of fluent orators, who right maintain,
Practis'd t' expreſs themſelves a graceful way,
An eloquence ſhines forth in all they ſay.

Some *Raphael*, *Ruben*, or *Vandike* admire,
Whoſe boſoms glow with ſuch a godlike fire,
Of my own race I have, who ſhall e're long,
Challenge a place amongſt the immortal throng.

Others in ſmootheſt numbers are profuſe,
And can in *Mantuan* dactyl's lead the muſe:
And others can with muſick make you gay,
With ſweeteſt ſounds *Correlli*'s art diſplay,
While they around in ſofteſt meaſures ſing,
Or beat melodious *Solo*'s from the ſtring.

What pleaſure can exceed to know what's great,
The hinge of war, and winding draughts of ſtate?
Theſe and a thouſand things th' aſpiring youth
May learn, with pleaſure, from the ſages mouth;
While they full-fraughted judgments do unload,
Relating to affairs home and abroad.
The generous ſoul is fir'd with noble flame,
To emulate victorious *Eugene*'s fame,

Who with freſh glories decks th' Imperial throne,
Making the haughty *Ott'man* empire groan.
He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
The *Danes* and *Pruſſians* ſhall demit the war;
T' obſerve what mighty turns of fate may ſpring
From this new war rais'd by *Iberia*'s king.

Long ere the morn from eaſtern ſeas ariſe,
To ſweep night-ſhades from off the vaulted ſkies,
Oft *Love* or *Law* in dream your mind may toſs,
And puſh the ſluggiſh ſenſes to their poſts;
The *Hautboys* diſtant notes ſhall then oppoſe
Your phantom cares, and lull you to repoſe.

To *Viſit* and take *Tea*, the well-dreſs'd fair
May paſs the crowd unruffled in her chair;
No duſt or mire her ſhining foot ſhall ſtain,
Or on the horizontal hoop give pain.
For *Beaux* and *Belles* no city can compare,
Nor ſhew a *Galaxy* ſo made, ſo fair;
The ears are charm'd, and raviſh'd are the eyes,
When at the conſort my *fair ſtars* ariſe.
What poets of fictitious beauties ſing,
Shall in bright order fill the dazzling ring:
From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the ſpouſe of *Jove*,
They'd gain the prize, judg'd by the god of love:
Their ſun-burnt features wou'd look dull, and fade,
Compar'd with my *ſweet white* and *bluſhing red.*
The character of beauties ſo divine,
The muſe for want of words cannot define.
The panting ſoul beholds with awful love,
Impreſs'd on clay th' angelick forms above,
Whoſe ſofteſt ſmiles can pow'rfully impart
Raptures ſublime, in dumb ſhow, to the heart.

The ſtrength of all theſe charms, if ye defy,
My *Court of Juſtice* ſhall make you comply.

Wel-

Welcome, my *Seſſion*, thou my boſom warms,
Thrice three times welcome to thy mother's arms:
Thy father long, rude man! has left my bed,
Thou'rt now my guard, and ſupport of my trade;
My heart yearns after thee with ſtrong deſire,
Thou deareſt image of thy antient ſire:
Should proud *Auguſta* take thee from me too,
So great a loſs wou'd make *Edina* bow;
I'd ſink beneath a weight I cou'd not bear,
And in a heap of rubbiſh diſappear.

Vain are ſuch fears; I'll rear my head in ſtate,
My boding heart foretells a glorious fate:
New ſtately ſtructures on new ſtreets ſhall riſe,
And new-built churches tow'ring to the ſkies.
From utmoſt *Thule* to the *Dover*-rock,
Britain's beſt blood in crowds to me ſhall flock;
A num'rous fleet ſhall be my *Fortha*'s pride,
While they in her calm roads at anchor ride:
Theſe from each coaſt ſhall bring what's great and rare,
To animate the *Brave*, and pleaſe the *Fair*.

Written beneath the hiſtorical Print of the wonderful Preſervation of Mr. David Bruce, *and others his School-fellows.*

St. ANDREWS, Auguſt 19, 1710.

SIX times the day with light and hope aroſe,
As oft the night her terrors did oppoſe,
While toſs'd on roaring waves the tender crew
Had nought but death and horror in their view:
Pale famine, ſeas, bleak cold at equal ſtrife,
Conſpiring all againſt their bloom of life;

Whilst like the lamp's last flame, their trembling souls
Are on the wing to leave their mortal goals;
And death before them stands with frightful stare,
Their spirits spent, and sunk down to despair.

Behold th' indulgent providential eye,
With watchful rays descending from on high;
Angels come posting down the divine beam
To save the helpless in their last extreme:
Unseen the heav'nly guard about them flock,
Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock,
While other two attend the dying pair,
To waft their young white souls thro' fields of air.

CHRIST'S KIRK *on the* Green, *in three* CANTO'S.

Κοντιδερ ἰτ ὐαριλι ρίδ ἀφτνηρ θὰν ἔνις,
ὐὶλ ἀτ ἐν βλὶνκ σλὶ πόετρι νὸτ τὲν ἰς.

Γ. Δυγλας.

CANTO I.

WAS ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen
Sic dancing and deray;

This edition of the first Canto is taken from an old manuscript collection of Scots Poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, king of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned prince was unfortunately kept prisoner in England by Henry VI. about the year 1412. Ballenden in his translation of H. Boece's history, gives this character of him, 'He was 'weil lernit to fecht with the swerd, to just, to turnay, to 'worsyl, to syng and dance, was an expert medicinar, richt 'crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sindry othir 'instrumentis of musik. He was expert in gramer, oratry and 'poetry, and maid sae flowand and sententious versis, apperit 'weil he was ane natural and borne poete, lib. 16. cap. 16.'

Nowther

Nowther at *Fakland* on the green,
Nor *Peebles* at the play,
As was of woers, as I ween,
At *Chriſt's Kirk* on a day;
There came our kitties walhen clean,
In new kirtles of gray,
Fou gay that day.

To dance theſe dameſels them dight,
Thir laſſes light of laits,
Their gloves were of the raffel right,
Their ſhoon were of the ſtraits,
Their kirtles were of *Lincome* light,
Well preſt with mony plaits,
They were ſo nice when men them nicht,
They ſqueel'd like ony gaits
Fou loud that day.

Of all theſe maidens mild as mead,
Was nane ſae jimp as *Gilly*,
As ony roſe her rude was red,
Her lire was like the lilly:
Fou yellow, yellow was her head,
But ſhe of love was filly;
Tho' a' her kin had ſworn her dead,
She wald have but ſweet *Willy*
Alane that day.

3. Fakland.) In the ſhire of Fife, where our kings for ſome time had their reſidence.

4. Peebles at the play.) Peebles one of our royal burroughs where the gentlemen of the ſhire frequently meet for the diverſion of horſe-races and the like.

6. Chriſt's Kirk.) The place where our wedding held is either at Leſly (the church there bearing that name) or a place ſo named a little diſtant from Windſor, where our king was the time of his confinement.

9. Them dight.) Made themſelves ready.

10. Light of laits.) Light or wanton in their manners.

13. Lincome light.) Stuff made at Lincoln.

She ſcorned *Jack*, and ſcraped at him,
Aed murgeon'd him with mocks;
He wad have loo'd, ſhe wad na lat him,
For a' his yellow locks.
He cheriſh'd her, ſhe bade gae chat him,
Counted him not twa clocks;
Sae ſhamefully his ſhort gown ſet him,
His legs were like twa rocks,
Or rungs that day.

Tam Lutter was their minſtrel meet,
Good lord how he cou'd lance,
He play'd ſae ſhill, and ſang ſae ſweet,
While *Touſie* took a trance;
Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet,
And counterfeited *France:*
He us'd himſelf as man diſcreet,
And up the morice-dance
He took that day.

Then *Steen* came ſteppand in with ſtends,
Nae rink might him arreſt:
Plaitfoot did bob with mony bends,
For *Mauſe* he made requeſt;

26. Murgeon'd him.) Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous manner of aping his gate or actions.

29. Go chat him.) She bid him go hang himſelf.

30. Twa clocks.) Reckoned him not worth a couple of beetles.

32. Twa rocks.) Two diſtaffs. This deſcription of Gilly's love to Willy, and her deſpiſing Jack, notwithſtanding his affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comick delicacy.

33. Minſtrel meet.) A muſician fit for them.

37. Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet, and counterfeited France.) He forgot to play the good old Scots tunes like Auld Lightfoot, and imitated the French, like our modern minſtrels, that dare play nought but Italiano's, for fear they ſpoil their fiddles.

42. Nae rink might him arreſt.) The ſwifteſt courſe could not ſtop him.

He

He lap 'till he lay on his lends,
But riſand was ſae preſt,
While that he hoſtit at baith ends,
For honour of the feaſt,
And danc'd that day.

Syne *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him rugged:
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him jevel,
And by the tail him tugged;
The kenſie cleekit to a cavel,
But lord as they twa lugged;
They parted manly on a navel:
Men ſay that hair was rugged
Between them twa.

Ane bent a bow, ſic ſturt did ſteer him,
Great ſkaith was't to have ſcar'd him;
He cheſit a flane as did affear him,
Th' other ſaid *Dirdum*, *Dardum*:
Throw baith the cheeks he thought to ſheer him,
Or throw the arſe have char'd him;
B'ane Akerbraid it came na neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him
Sae wide that day.

With that a friend of his cry'd, fy,
And up an arrow drew,
He forged it ſae furiouſly,
The bow in flinders flew:
Sae was the will of god, trow I,
For had the tree been true,
Men ſaid, wha kend this archery,
That he had ſlain anew,
Belyve that day.

59. He cheſit a flane.) He choſe an arrow.

60. Dirdum, Dardum.) A ſlighting manner of ſpeaking. When one makes a boaſt of ſome action which we think but meanly of, we readily ſay, A Dirdum of that.

A yap young man that ſtood him neiſt,
Loos'd aff a ſhot with ire,
He etled the bairn in at the breaſt,
The bolt flew o'er the bire:
Ane cry'd, fy, he has ſlain a prieſt,
A mile beyond a mire;
Then bow and bag frae him he kieſt,
And fled as fierce as fire
Frae flint that day.

Ane haſty henſure, called *Hary*,
Wha was ane archer, hynd
Fit up a tackle withoutten tarry,
That torment ſae him tynd.
I watna whither's hand cou'd vary,
Or the man was his friend;
For he eſcap'd throw' mights of *Mary*,
As ane that nae ill mean'd,
But good that day.

Then *Laurie* like a lion lap,
And ſoon a flane can fedder;
He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
Thereon to wed a wedder:

75. He etled the bairn.) He deſign'd his arrow at the lad's breaſt.

76. The bolt flew o'er the bire.) He expreſſes his miſſing him, by a metaphor of a thunder-bolt flying over the bire or cow-houſe.

83. Hynd fit up a tackle, &c.) Immediately made ready his ſhooting tackle.

84. That torment ſae him tynd.) His vexation made him angry.

90. A flane can fedder.) Feathered an arrow.

92. Wed a wedder.) He wagered a wedder he would pierce him at the pap.

He

He hit him on the wame a wap,
It bufft like ony bladder;
But ſae his fortune was and hap,
His doublet made of leather
Sav'd him that day.

The buff ſae boiſterouſly abaiſt him,
He to the earth duſht down;
The tither man for dead there left him,
And fled out of the town.
The wives came furth, and up they reſt him,
And fand life in the lown;
Then with three routs on's arſe they rais'd him,
And cur'd him out of ſown,
Frae hand that day.

With forks and flails they lent great ſlaps,
And flang together like frigs;
With bougers of barns they beſt blew caps,
While they of bairns made brigs.
The rierd raiſe rudely with the raps,
When rungs were laid on riggs;
The wives came furth wi' crys and claps,
See where my liking liggs
Fou low this day!

They girned, and let gird with grains,
Ilk goſſip other griev'd;
Some ſtrake with ſlings, ſome gather'd ſtains,
Some fled and ill miſchiev'd.
The minſtrel wan within twa wains,
That day he wiſely prievd;
For he came hame wi' unbruis'd bains,
Where fighters were miſchiev'd
Fou ill that day.

107. Bougers.) Rafters.
112. My liking liggs.) My ſweet-heart lies on the ground.
117. Wan within two wains.) Got between two wains or waggons, and hid himſelf.

Heich *Hutchon* with a hiſil rice,
To red can throw them rummil;
He maw'd them down like ony mice,
He was na baity bummil:
Tho' he was wight, he was na wiſe,
With ſic jangleurs to jummil;
For frae his thumb they dang a ſlice,
While he cry'd, barlafumil,
I'm ſlain this day.

When that he ſaw his blood ſae red,
To flee might nae man let him:
He ween'd it had been for auld feed,
He thought and bade have at him;
He gart his feet defend his head,
The far fairer it ſet him,
While he was paſt out of all plead,
He ſoud been ſwift that gat him,
Throw ſpeed that day.

The town ſouter in grief was bowden,
His wife hang at his waiſt,
His body was with blood a browden,
He grain'd like ony ghaiſt;
Her glittering hair that was ſo gowden,
So hard in love him lac'd,
That for her ſake he was not yowden,
While he a mile was chac'd,
And mair that day.

124. Baity bummil.) Or petty fumbler; an actionleſs fellow.

128. Barlafumil.) Cry'd, Barley, or, a Parleyfumil, I'm fallen.

137. In grief was bowden.) Was furniſh'd with abundance of grief. One who has enough of any thing, we ſay, he is well bodin.

139. Blood a browden.) All beſmear'd with blood. But browden more commonly means forward or fond.

143. Not yowden.) Not tired.

The

The miller was of manly make,
To meet him was nae mows;
There durſt nae tenſome there him take,
Sae noyted he their pows:
The buſhment heal about him brake,
And bickered him with wi' bows;
Syne trait'rouſly behind his back,
They hew'd him on the howes,
Behind that day.

Twa that were headſmen of the herd,
On ither ran like rams,
They follow'd, ſeeming right unfear'd,
Beat on with barrow-trams:
But where their gabs they were ungear'd,
They gat upon the gams;
While bloody barkn'd was their beards,
As they had worried lambs,
Maiſt like that day.

The wives keiſt up a hideous yell,
When all theſe yonkiers yoked;
As fleece as flags of fire-flaughts fell,
Frieks to the fields they flocked:
The carles with clubs did others quell
On breaſts, while blood out-boaked;
Sae rudly rang the common bell,
That a' the ſteeple rocked
For dread that day.

By this *Tam Taylor* was in's gear,
When that he heard the bell,
He ſaid he ſhould make all a ſteer,
When he came there himſel:

152. They hew'd him on the hows.) Threw him on his back by ſtriking him on his hows, i. e. houghs.
164. Frieks.) Young fellows.
166. Out-boaked.) Guſh'd out.

He

He gaed to fight in ſic a fear,
While to the ground he fell;
A wife that hat him on the ear,
With a great knocking-mell,
Fell'd him that day.

When they had bierd like baited bulls,
And brain-wood brynt in bails;
They were as meek as any mules;
That mangit are with mails;
For faintneſs thae forfoughten fools
Fell down like ſlaughter'd fails;
Freſh men came in, and hal'd the dools,
And dang them down in dails,
Bedeen that day.

When a' was done, *Dick* with an aix,
Came furth to fell a fiddir,
Quoth he, where are yon hangit ſmaiks,
That wad have ſlain my brither?
His wife bad him gae home *Gib Glaicks*,
And ſae did *Meg* his mither;
He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,
For he durſt ding nae ither,
But them that day.

178. And brain-wood.) Being diſtracted, or brain-ſick.
180. Mangit are with mails.) Wearied and gall'd with their loading.
182. Flaughter'd fails.) Turf that the country people flea for covering their houſes.
183. Hal'd the dools.) See Lucky Spence, line 40.
184. Down in dails, bedeen.) In heaps a great deal of them. Bedeen, ſpeedily.
186. Came furth to fell a fidder.) Cut down a fidder, or load of wood.

CHRIST'S

CHRIST's KIRK *on the Green.*

CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair blood and ſkaith,
Sair harſhip and great ſpulie,
And mony a ane had gotten his death
By this unſonſie tooly:
But that the bauld good-wife of *Braith*
Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,
Came bellyflaught, and loot an aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly
Fou faſt that day.

Blyth to win aff ſae wi' hale banes,
Tho' mony had clowr'd pows;
And dragl'd ſae 'mang muck and ſtanes,
They look'd like wirry-kows:
Quoth ſome, who 'maiſt had tint their aynds,
Let's ſee how a' bowls rows:
And quat this brulziement at anes,
Yon Gully is nae mows,
Forſooth this day.

The king having painted the ruſtick ſquabble with an uncommon ſpirit, in a moſt ludicrous manner, in a ſtanza of verſe the moſt difficult to keep the ſenſe complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring in words for crambo's ſake, where they return ſo frequently:

Ambitious to imitate ſo great an Original, I put a ſtop to the war; called a congreſs, and made them ſign a peace, that the world might have their picture in the more agreeable hours of drinking, dancing and ſinging. The following Canto's were wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718, about 300 years after the firſt. Let no worthy poet deſpair of immortality; good ſenſe will be always the ſame in ſpite of the revolution of words.

7. Came bellyflaught.) Came in great haſte, as it were flying full upon them with her arms ſpread, as a falcon with expanded wings comes ſouſſing upon her prey.

8. Be hooly fou faſt.) Deſiſt immediately.

14. Let's ſee how a' bowls rows.) A bowling-green phraſe, commonly uſed when people would examine any affair that's a little ravel'd.

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am well content,
I think we may do war;
'Till this time toumond i'ſe indent
Our claiths of dirt will ſa'r:
Wi' nevels I'm amaiſt fawn faint,
My chafts are dung a char;
Then took his bonnet to the bent,
And daddit aff the glar,
Fou clean that day.

Tam Taylor, wha in time of battle
Lay as gin ſome had fell'd him;
Gat up now wi' an unco' rattle,
As nane there durſt a quell'd him:
Bauld *Beſs* flew till him wi' a brattle,
And ſpite of his teeth held him
Cloſs by the craig, and with her fatal
Knife ſhored ſhe would geld him,
For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' ae conſent ſhook hands,
As they ſtood in a ring;
Some red their hair, ſome ſet their bands,
Some did their ſark tails wring:
Then for a hap to ſhaw their brands,
They did their minſtrel bring,
Where clever houghs like willi-wands,
At ilka blythſome ſpring,
Lap high that day.

Claud Peky was na very blate,
He ſtood nae lang a dreigh;

17. Quoth Hutchon.) Vide Canto 1. line 121. He's brave, and the firſt man for an honourable peace.

25. Tam Taylor.) Vide Canto 1. line 169. He's a coward, but would appear valiant when he finds the reſt in peace.

For by the wame he gripped *Kate*,
And gar'd her gi'e a ſkreigh:
Had aff, quoth ſhe, ye filthy ſlate,
Ye ſtink o' leeks, O figh!
Let gae my hands, I ſay, be quait;
And vow gin ſhe was ſkeigh,
And mim that day.

Now ſettl'd goſſies ſat, and keen
Did for freſh bickers birle;
While the young ſwankies on the green
Took round a merry tirle:
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,
Gart *Lawrie*'s heart-ſtrings dirle,
And ſouk wad threep, that ſhe did green
For what wad gar her ſkirle
And ſkreigh ſome day.

The manly miller, haff and haff,
Came out to ſhaw good will,
Flang by his mittens and his ſtaff,
Cry'd, gi'e me *Paty*'s-*Mill*;
He lap bawk-hight, and cry'd, had aff,
They rus'd him that had ſkill;
He wad do't better, quoth a cawf,
Had he another gill
Of uſquebae.

Furth ſtarted neiſt a penſy blade,
And out a maiden took,
They ſaid that he was *Falkland* bred,
And danced by the book;

50. Did for freſh bickers birle.) Contributed for freſh bottles.
57. Haff and haff.) Half fuddled.
61. He lap bawk-hight.) So high as his head could ſtrike the loft, or joining of the couples.
67. Falkland bred.) Been a journey-man to the king's taylor, and had ſeen court-dancing.

A ſouple taylor to his trade,
And when their hands he ſhook,
Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,
Videlicet, the yuke,
To claw that day.

Whan a' cry'd out he did ſae weel,
He *Meg* and *Beſs* did call up;
The laſſes bab'd about the reel,
Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,
And ſwat like pownies whan they ſpeel
Up braes, or when they gallop,
But a thrawn knublock hit his heel,
And wives had him to haul up,
Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look and tale
Gaed round whan glowming hous'd them,
The oſtler wife brought ben good ale,
And bade the laſſes rouze them;
Up wi' them lads, and I'ſe be bail
They'll loo ye an ye touze them:
Quoth gawſſie, this will never fail
Wi' them that this gate woes them,
On ſic a day.

Syne ſtools and furms were drawn aſide,
And up raiſe *Willy Dadle*,
A ſhort hought man, but fou o' pride,
He ſaid the fiddler play'd ill;
Let's ha'e the pipes, quoth he, beſide;
Quoth a', that is nae ſaid ill;
He fits the floor ſyne wi' the bride
To *Cuttyman* and *Treeladle*,
Thick, thick that day.

82. Glowming hous'd them.) Twilight brought them into the houſe.

96. Cuttymun, &c.) A tune that goes very quick.

He

In the mean time in came the laird,
And by ſome right did claim,
To kiſs and dance wi' *Maſie Aird*,
A dink and dortie dame:
But O poor *Mauſe* was aff her guard,
For back gate frae her wame,
Beckin ſhe loot a fearfu' raird,
That gart her think great ſhame,
And bluſh that day.

Auld *Steen* led out *Maggie Forſyth*,
He was her ain good-brither;
And ilka ane was unco' blyth,
To ſee auld fouk ſae clever.
Quoth *Jock*, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither?
Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But ſhe wa'd get anither
Goodman this day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle diſh,
And betwiſht ilka tune,
He laid his lugs in't like a fiſh,
And ſuckt 'till it was done;
His bags were liquor'd to his wiſh,
His face was like a moon:
But he cou'd get nae place to piſh
In, but his ain twa ſhoon,
For thrang that day.

The latter-gae of haly rhime,
Sat up at the boord-head,

118. His face was like a moon.) Round, full and ſhining. When one is ſtaring full of drink, he's ſaid to have a face like a full moon.

121. The latter-gae of haly rhime.) The reader or church precenter, who lets go, i. e. gives out the tune to be ſung by the reſt of the Congregation.

And a' he ſaid was thought a crime
To contradict indeed:
For in clark-lear he was right prime,
And cou'd baith write and read,
And drank ſae firm 'till ne'er a ſtyme
He cou'd keek on a bead,
Or book that day.

When he was ſtrute, twa ſturdy chiels,
Be's oxter and be's coller,
Held up frae cowping o' the creels
The liquid logick ſcholar.
When he came hame his wife did reel,
And rampage in her choler,
With that he brake the ſpining-wheel,
That coſt a good rix-dollar,
And mair ſome ſay.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight
Was gaunting for his reſt;
For ſome were like to tyne their ſight,
Wi' ſleep and drinking ſtreſt.
But ithers that were ſtomach-tight,
Cry'd out, it was nae beſt
To leave a ſupper that was dight,
To *Brownies*, or a ghaiſt,
To eat or day.

126. Baith write and read.) A rarity in thoſe days.

128. Keek on a bead.) Pray after the Roman Catholick manner, which was the religion then in faſhion.

131. Frae cowping of the creels.) From turning topſy turvy.

144. To Brownies.) Many whimſical ſtories are handed down to us by old women of theſe Brownies: they tell us they were a kind of good drudging ſpirits, who appeared in ſhape of rough men, would have lyen familiarly by the fire all night, threſhen in the barn, brought a midwife at a time, and done many ſuch kind offices. But none of them have been ſeen in Scotland ſince the reformation, as ſaith the wiſe John Brown.

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,
On them ſtood mony a goan,
Some fill'd wi' brachan, ſome wi' kail,
And milk het frae the loan.
Of daintiths they had routh and wale,
Of which they were right fon;
But nathing wad gae down but ale
Wi' drunken *Donald Don*
The ſmith that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,
And twa good junts of beef,
Wi' hind and fore ſpaul of a ſheep,
Drew whitles frae ilk ſheath:
Wi' gravie a their beards did dreep,
They kempit with their teeth;
A kebbuck ſyn that 'maiſt cou'd creep
Its lane pat on the ſheaf,
In ſtous that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,
Her left leg ho was ſlung;
And *Geordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
Becauſe it hit *Jean Gun*:
She was his Jo, and aft had ſaid,
Fy, *Geordie*, had your tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride:
But chang'd her mind when bung,
That very day.

Tehee, quoth *Touzie*, when ſhe ſaw
The cathel coming ben,

160. A kebbuck ſyn that 'maiſt cou'd creep its lane pat on the ſheaf.) A cheeſe full of crawling mites crown'd the feaſt.

162. Her left leg ho was ſlung.) The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's ſtocking when they are going to bed, is well known: the perſon who it lights on is to be next married of the company.

169. Tehee.) An interjection of laughter.

It pypin het gae'd round them a',
The bride ſhe made a ſen,
To ſit in wylicoat ſae braw,
Upon her nether en;
Her lad like ony cock did craw,
That meets a clockin hen,
And blyth were they.

The ſouter, miller, ſmith and *Dick*,
Lawrie and *Hutchon* bauld,
Carles that keep nae very ſtrict
Be hours, tho' they were auld;
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick,
But whare good ale was ſald,
They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld nick
Shou'd tempt their wives to ſcald
Them for't neiſt day.

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or ſeen
Sic banqueting and drinkin,
Sic revelling and battles keen,
Sic dancing, and ſic jinkin,
And unko wark that fell at e'en,
Whan laſſes were haff winkin,
They loſt they feet and baith their een,
And maidenheads gae'd linkin
Aff a' that day.

176. Clokin hen.) A hatching hen.

CHRIST'S KIRK *on the* Green.

CANTO III.

NOW frae eaſt nook of *Fife* the dawn
Speel'd weſtlines up the lift,
Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax and rift:
And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,
Cry'd, laſſes up to thrift;
Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
Bang'd to their breeks like drift,
Be break of day.

But ſome wha had been ſow yeſtreen,
Sic as the latter-gae,
Air up had nae will to be ſeen,
Grudgin their groat to pay.
But what aft friſted's no forgeen,
When ſouk has nought to ſay;
Yet ſweer were they to rake their een,
Sic dizzy heads had they,
And het that day.

Curious to know how my bridal folks would look next day after the marriage, I attempted this third Canto, which opens with a deſcription of the morning. Then the friends come and preſent their gifts to the new-married couple. A view is taken of one girl (Kirſh) who had come fairly off, and of Mauſe who had ſtumbled with the laird. Next a new ſcene of drinking is repreſented, and the young good-man is creel'd. Then the character of the ſmith's ill-natured ſhrew is drawn, which leads in the deſcription of riding the ſtang. Next Magy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good wife wife. Deep drinking and bloodleſs quarrels, makes an end of an old tale.

1. Eaſt nook of Fife.) Where day muſt break upon my company; if, as I have obſerved, the ſcene is at Leſly church.

12. Their groat to pay.) Payment of the drunken groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common people next morning; but if they frankly confeſs the debt due, they are paſſed for two-pence.

15. Rake their een.) Rub open their eyes.

Be

Be that time it was fair foor days,
As fou's the houſe cou'd pang,
To ſee the young fouk 'ere they raiſe,
Goſſips came in ding dang,
And wi' a ſoſs aboon the claiths,
Ilk ane their gifts down flang:
Twall toop horn-ſpoons down *Maggy* lays,
Baith muckle mow'd and lang,
For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fuſh in,
Right bauld ſhe ſpake and ſpruce,
Gin your goodman ſhall make a din,
And gabble like a gooſe,
Shorin whan fou to ſkelp ye're ſkin,
Thir tangs may be of uſe;
Lay them enlang his pow or ſhin,
Wha wins ſyn may make rooſe,
Between you twa.

Auld *Beſſie* in her red coat braw,
Came wi' her ain oe *Nanny*,
An odd-like wife, they ſaid that ſaw,
A moupin runckled granny,
She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',
Word gae'd ſhe was na kanny;
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
'Till ſhe was wi' branny,
Like mony mae.

Steen freſh and faſtin 'mang the reſt
Came in to get his morning,

17. Fair foor days.) Broad day-light.

21. Aboon the claiths.) They commonly throw their gifts of houſhold furniture above the bed-cloaths where the young folks are lying.

38. Word gade ſhe was na kanny.) It was reported ſhe was a witch.

Speer'd

Speer'd gin the bride had tane the teſt,
And how ſhe loo'd her corning?
She leugh as ſhe had fun a neſt,
Said, let a be ye'r ſcorning.
Quoth *Roger*, fegs I've done my beſt,
To ge'er a charge of horning,
As well's I may.

Kind *Kirſh* was there, a kanty laſs,
Black-ey'd, black-hair'd, and bonny;
Right well red up and jimp ſhe was,
And wooers had fow mony:
I wat na how it came to paſs,
She cutled in wi' *Jonnie*,
And tumbling wi' him on the graſs,
Dung a' her cockernonny
A jee that day.

But *Mauſe* begrutten was and bleer'd,
Look'd thowleſs, dowf and ſleepy;
Auld *Maggy* kend the wyt, and ſneer'd,
Caw'd her a poor daft heepy:
It's a wiſe wife that kens her weird,
What tho' ye mount the creepy;
There a good leſſon may be lear'd,
And what the war will ye be
To ſtand a day.

Or bairns can read, they firſt maun ſpell,
I learn'd this frae my mammy,

43. Had tane the teſt.) I do not mean an oath of that name we all have heard of.

48. Charge of horning.) Is a writ charging to make payment, declaring the debtor a rebel. N. B. It may be left in the lock-hole, if the doors be ſhut.

60. Mount the creepy.) The ſtool of repentance.

And

And cooſt a legen-girth my ſell,
Lang or I married *Tammie*:
I'ſe warrand ye have a' heard tell,
Of bonny *Andrew Lammy*,
Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,
As ſoon as e'er he ſaw me:
That was a day.

Hait drink, freſh butter'd caiks and cheeſe,
That held their hearts aboon,
Wi' claſhes mingled aft wi' lies,
Drave aff the hale forenoon:
But after dinner an ye pleaſe,
To weary not o're ſoon,
We down to e'ning edge wi' eaſe
Shall loup, and ſee what's done
I' the doup o' the day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,
They that were right true blue;
Was e'en to get their wyſons wat,
And fill young *Roger* fou:
But the bauld billy took his maut,
And was right ſtiff to bow;
He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,
And ſcour'd aff healths anew,
Clean out that day.

A creel bout fow of muckle ſtains
They clinked on his back,

67. Cooſt a legen-girth.) Like a tub that loſes one of its bottom-hoops.

84. Fill young Roger fou.) 'Tis a cuſtom for the friends to endeavour the next day after the wedding to make the new-married man as drunk as poſſible.

89. A creel, &c.) For merryment, a creel or baſket is bound, full of ſtones, upon his back; and if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable ſpeed cuts the cords, and relieves him from the burthen. If ſhe does not, he's rallied for a fumbler.

To

To try the pith o's rigg and reins,
They gart him cadge this pack.
Now as a ſign he had tane pains,
His young wife was na ſlack,
To rin and eaſe his ſhoulder-bains,
And ſneg'd the raips fow ſnack,
We'er knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,
Fell keenly to the wark;
To eaſe the gantrees of the ale,
And try wha was maiſt ſtark;
'Till boord and floor, and a' did ſail,
Wi' ſpilt ale i' the dark;
Gart *Jock*'s fit ſlide, he like a fail,
Play'd dad, and dang the bark
Aff's ſhins that day.

The ſouter, miller, ſmith and *Dick*,
Et cet'ra, cloſs ſat cockin,
'Till waſted was baith caſh and tick,
Sae ill were they to ſlocken;
Gane out to piſh in gutters thick,
Some fell, and ſome gae'd rockin,
Sawny hang ſneering on his ſtick,
To ſee bauld *Hutchon* bockin
Rainbows that day.

The ſmith's wife her black deary ſought,
And fand him ſkin and birn:
Quoth ſhe, this day's wark's be dear bought,
He ban'd, and gae a girn;

105. The ſouter, &c.) Vide Canto II. line 177.

114. Skin and birn.) The marks of a ſheep; the burn on the noſe, and the tar on the ſkin, i. e. She was ſure it was him, with all the marks of her drunken huſband about him.

Ca'd

Ça'd her a jade, and ſaid ſhe mucht
Gae hame and ſcum her kirn:
Whiſht ladren, for gin ye ſay ought
Mair, I'ſe wind ye a pirn
To reel ſome day.

Ye'll wind a pirn! ye ſilly ſnool,
Wae-worth ye'r drunken ſaul,
Quoth ſhe, and lap out o'er a ſtool,
And claught him be the ſpaul:
He ſhook her, and ſware muckle dool
Ye's thole for this, ye ſcaul;
I'ſe rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,
And learn ye to be baul
On ſic a day.

Your tippanizing, ſcant o' grace,
Quoth ſhe, gars me gang duddy;
Our nibour *Pate* ſin break o' day's
Been thumpin at his ſtuddy,
An it be true that ſome fowk ſays,
Ye'll girn yet in a woody;
Syne wi' her nails ſhe rave his face,
Made a' his black baird bloody,
Wi' ſcarts that day.

A gilpy that had ſeen the faught,
I wat he was nae lang,
'Till he had gather'd ſeven or aught
Wild hempies ſtout and ſtrang;
They frae a barn a kaber raught,
Ane mounted wi' a bang,

120. Wind ye a pirn.) Is a threatning expreſſion, when one deſigns to contrive ſome malicious thing to vex you.

Betwiſht twa's ſhouders, and ſat ſtraught
Upon't, and rade the ſtang
On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' ſpan'd out
O'er middings, and o'er dykes,
Wi' mony an unco ſkirl and ſhout,
Like bumbees frae their bykes;
Thro' thick and thin they ſcour'd about,
Plaſhin thro' dubs and ſykes,
And ſic a reird ran thro' the rout,
Gart a' the hale town tykes
Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye ſee fou better bred
Was menſ-fou *Maggy Murdy*,
She her man like a lammy led
Hame, wi' a well wail'd wordy:
Faſt frae the company he fled,
As he had tane the ſturdy;
She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,
Kindly that day.

But *Lawrie* he took out his nap
Upon a mow of peaſe,
And *Robin* ſpew'd in's ain wife's lap;
He ſaid it ga'e him eaſe.
Hutchon wi' a three-lugged cap,
His head bizzin wi' bees,

144. Rade the ſtang on her.) The riding of the ſtang on a woman that hath beat her huſband, is as I have deſcribed it, by one's riding upon a ſting, or a long piece of wood, carried by two others on their ſhoulders, where, like a herald, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

158. Tane the ſturdy.) A diſeaſe amongſt ſheep that makes them giddy, and run off from the reſt of the herd.

Hit

Hit *Geordy* a miſluſhios rap,
And brake the brig o's neeſe
Right ſair that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arſe o'er head,
Chanlers, boord, ſtools and ſtowps,
Flew thro' the houſe wi' muckle ſpeed,
And there was little hopes,
But there had been ſome ill-done deed,
They gat ſic thrawart cowps;
But a' the ſkaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their dowps,
Wi' faws that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
'Till a' their ſenſe was ſmor'd;
And in their maws there was nae mank,
Upon the furms ſome ſnor'd:
Ithers frae aff the bunkers ſank,
Wi' een like collops ſcor'd:
Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,
E'en like a thick-ſcull'd lord,
On poſts that day.

The young good-man to bed did clim,
His dear the door did lock in;
Crap down beyont him, and the rim
O'er wame he clapt hic dock on:
She fand her lad was not in trim,
And be this ſame good token,
That ilka member, lith and limb,
Was ſouple like a doken,
'Bout him that day.

The

Notwithſtanding all this my publick ſpirited pains, I am well aſſured there are a few heavy heads, who will bring down the thick of their cheeks to the ſides of their mouths, and richly

The SCRIBBLERS *Laſh'd.*

You write pindaricks! and be d—n'd,
Write epigrams for cutlers;
None with thy nonſenſe will be ſhamm'd
But chamber-maids and butlers.
In t'other world expect dry blows,
No tears ſhall wipe thy ſtains out:
Horace *ſhall pluck thee by the noſe,*
And Pindar *beat thy brains out.*

T. BROWN to T. D'URFY.

THAT I thus proſtitute my muſe
On theme ſo low, may gain excuſe;

richly ſtupid, alledge there's ſome things in it have a meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handſomer in a few lines to ſay ſomething, than talk a great deal, and mean nothing. Pray, is there any thing vicious or unbecoming in ſaying, 'Mens 'Liths and Limbs are ſouple when intoxicated?' Does it not ſhow, that exceſſive drinking enervates and unhinges a man's conſtitution, and makes him uncapable of performing divine or natural duties. There is the moral. And believe me, I could raiſe many uſeful notes from every character, which the ingenious will preſently find out.

'Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
'And riſe to faults true criticks dare not mend;
'From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
'And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art. POPE.

Thus have I purſued theſe comical characters, having gentlemen's health and pleaſure, and the good manners of the vulgar in view: the main deſign of comedy being to repreſent the follies and miſtakes of low life in a juſt light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a ſpectator, may evite his being the object of laughter. Any body that has a mind to look ſour upon it, may uſe their freedom.

'Not laugh, beaſts, fiſhes, fowls, nor reptiles can;
'That's a peculiar happineſs of man:
'When govern'd with a prudent chearful grace,
'Tis one of the firſt beauties of the face.

When following motives ſhall be thought on,
Which has this dogrel fury brought on.
I'm call'd in honour to protect
The fair when tret with diſreſpect:
Beſides, a zeal tranſports my ſoul,
Which no conſtraint can e'er controul;
In ſervice of the government,
To draw my pen, and ſatyr vent,
Againſt vile mungrels of *Parnaſſus*,
Who through impunity oppreſs us.
'Tis to correct this ſcribbling crew,
Who, as in former reigns, ſo now
Torment the world, and load our time
With jargon cloath'd in wretched rhime,
Diſgrace of numbers! earth! I hate them!
And as they merit, ſo I'll treat them.

And firſt, theſe ill-bred things I laſh,
That hated authors of the traſh,
In publick ſpread with little wit,
Much malice, rude and bootleſs ſpite,
Againſt the ſex, who have no arms
To ſhield them from inſulting harms,
Except the light'ning of their eye,
Which none but ſuch blind dolts defy.

Ungen'rous war! t'attack the fair:
But, ladies, fear not, ye're the care
Of every wit of true deſcent,
At once their ſong and ornament:
They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd;
But ſpite of all the multitude
Of ſcribbling ſops, aſſert your cauſe,
And execute *Apollo*'s laws:
Apollo, who the bard inſpires
With ſofteſt thoughts and divine fires;

Than

Than whom on all the earth there's no man
More complaiſant to a fine woman.
Such veneration mixt with love,
Points out a poet from above:
But *Zanny*'s void of ſenſe and merit,
Love, fire, or fancy, wit or ſpirit:
Weak, frantick, clowniſh, and chagreen,
Pretending, prompt by zealous ſpleen,
T' affront your head-dreſs, or your bone-fence,
Make printers preſſes groan with nonſenſe.
But while *Sol*'s offspring lives, as ſoon
Shall they pull down his ſiſter moon.

They with low incoherent ſtuff,
Dark ſenſe, or none, lines lame and rough;
Without a thought, air or addreſs,
All the whole loggerhead confeſs.
From clouded notions in the brain,
They ſcribble in a cloudy ſtrain;
Deſire of verſe they reckon wit,
And rhime without one grain of it.
Then hurry forth in publick town
Their ſcrawls, leſt they ſhould be unknown.
Rather than want a fame, they chuſe
The plague of an infamous muſe.
Unthinking, thus the ſots aſpire,
And raiſe their own reproach the high'r:
By meddling with the modes and faſhions
Of women of politeſt nations.
Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,
That in their ſpirit ſomething bold is,
To challenge thoſe who have the ſkill,
By charms to ſave, and frowns to kill.

If not ambition, then 'tis ſpite,
Which makes the puny inſects write.

Like old and mouldy maids turn'd ſour,
When diſtant charms have loſt their pow'r,
Fly out in loud tranſports of paſſion,
When ought that's new comes firſt in faſhion;
'Till by degrees it creeps right ſnodly
On hips and head-dreſs of the g——y.
Thus they to pleaſe the ſighing ſiſters,
Who often beet them in their miſters,
With their malicious breath ſet ſail,
And write theſe ſilly things they rail.
Pimps! ſuch as you can ne'er extend
A flight of wit, which may amend
Our morals; that's a plot too nice
For you to laugh folks out of vice.
Sighing, oh hey! ye cry, alace!
This fardingale's a great diſgrace!
And all indeed, becauſe an ancle,
Or foot is ſeen, might monarchs mancle;
And makes the wiſe, with face upright,
Look up, and bleſs heav'n for their ſight.

In your opinion nothing matches,
O horrid ſin! the crime of patches!
'Tis falſe, ye clowns; I'll make't appear,
The glorious ſun does patches wear:
Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature,
You'll find a patch for ev'ry creature:
Even you yourſelves, ye blackned wretches,
To *Heliconians* are the patches.

But grant that ladies modes were ills
To be reform'd; your creeping ſkills,
Ye rhimers, never wou'd ſucceed,
Who write what the polite ne'er read.

78. Beet them in their miſters.) Oblige them upon occaſion.

To

To cure an error of the fair,
Demands the niceſt prudent care;
Wit utter'd in a pleaſing ſtrain,
A point ſo delicate may gain:
But that's a taſk as far above
Your ſhallow reach, as I'm from *Jove*.

No more then let the world be vexed
With baggage empty and perplexed:
But learn to ſpeak with due reſpect
Of *Peggie*'s breaſts and ivory neck.
Such purblind eyes as your's, 'tis true,
Shou'd ne'er ſuch divine beauties view.
If *Nellie*'s hoop be twice as wide,
As her two pretty limbs can ſtride;
What then? will any man of ſenſe
Take umbrage, or the leaſt offence,
At what even the moſt modeſt may
Expoſe to *Phœbus*' brighteſt ray?
Does not the handſome of our city,
The pious, chaſte, the kind and witty,
Who can afford it, great and ſmall,
Regard well-ſhapen fardingale?
And will you, *Mag-pyes*, make a noiſe?
You grumble at the lady's choice!
Pray leav't to them, and mothers wiſe,
Who watch their conduct, mein and guiſe,
To ſhape their weeds as fits their eaſe;
And place their patches as they pleaſe.
This ſhou'd be granted without grudging,
Since we all know they're beſt at judging,
What from mankind demands devotion,
In geſture, garb, free airs, and motion.
But you! unworthy of my pen!
Unworthy to be claſs'd with men!

Haſte to *Caffar*, ye clumſy ſots,
And there make love to *Hottentots*.

Another ſett with ballads waſte
Our paper, and debauch our taſte
With endleſs 'larms on the ſtreet,
Where crowds of circling rabble meet.
The vulgar judge of poetry,
By what theſe hawkers ſing and cry:
Yea, ſome who claim to wit amiſs,
Cannot diſtinguiſh That from This.
Hence poets are accounted now
In *Scotland* a mean empty crew:
Whoſe heads are craz'd, who ſpend their time
In that poor wretched trade of rhime.
Yet all the learn'd diſcerning part
Of mankind own the heav'nly art
Is as much diſtant from ſuch traſh,
As lay'd *Dutch* coin from *Sterling* caſh.

Others in lofty nonſenſe write;
Incomprehenſible's their flight;
Such magick pow'r is in their pen,
They can beſtow on worthleſs men
More virtue, merit and renown,
Than ever they cou'd call their own.
They write with arbitrary power,
And pity 'tis they ſhou'd fall lower;
Or ſtoop to truth, or yet to meddle
With common ſenſe, for crambo diddle.

But none of all the rhiming herd
Are more encourag'd and rever'd
By heavy ſouls to their's ally'd,
Than ſuch who tell who lately dy'd.

No ſooner is the ſpirit flown,
From its clay-cage, to lands unknown,
Than ſome raſh hackney gets his name,
And thro' the town laments the ſame:
An honeſt burgeſs cannot die,
But they muſt weep in elegy;
Even when the virtuous ſoul is ſoaring
Thro' middle air, he hears it roaring.

Theſe ills and many more abuſes
Which plague mankind, and vex the muſes,
On pain of poverty ſhall ceaſe,
And all the fair ſhall live in peace:
And every one ſhall die contented,
Happy when not by them lamented.
For great *Apollo* in his name,
Has order'd me thus to proclaim:

'Foraſmuch as a grov'ling crew,
'With narrow mind, and brazen brow,
'Wou'd fain to poets title mount,
'And with vile maggots rub affront
'On an old virtuoſo nation,
'Where our lov'd nine maintain their ſtation:
'We order ſtrict, that all refrain
'To write, who learning want, and brain;
'Pedants, with *Hebrew* roots o'ergrown,
'Learn'd in each language but their own.
'Each ſpiritleſs half-ſtarving ſinner,
'Who knows not how to get his dinner:
'Dealers in ſmall ware, clinks, whim-whams,
'Acroſticks, puns, and anagrams;
'And all who their productions grudge,
'To be canvaſt by ſkilful judge,

' Who can find out indulgent trip,
' Whilſt 'tis in harmleſs manuſcript.
' But to all them who diſobey,
' And jog on ſtill in their own way;

' Be't kend to all men that our will is,
' Since all they write ſo wretched ill is;
' They muſt diſpatch their ſhallow ghoſts,
' To *Pluto*'s jakes, and take their poſts;
' There to attend, 'till *Dis* ſhall deign
' To uſe their works; the uſe is plain.'

Now know, ye ſcoundrels, if ye ſtand
To humph and ha at this command,
The furies have prepar'd a halter,
To hang, or drive ye helter ſkelter,
Through bogs and moors, like rats and mice,
Purſu'd with hunger, rags and lice,
If e'er ye dare again to croak,
And god of harmony provoke.
Wherefore purſue ſome craft for bread,
Where hands may better ſerve than head;
Nor ever hope in verſe to ſhine,
Or ſhare in *Homer*'s fate or ——.

CONTENT.

CONTENT. *A* POEM.

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treaſure find:
But the baſe miſer ſtarves amidſt his ſtore,
Broods on his gold, and gripping ſtill for more,
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he's poor.

DRYDEN.

Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athens' *glory roſe.*

PRIOR.

WHEN genial beams wade thro' the dewy morn,
And from the clod invite the ſprouting corn;
When chequer'd green, wing'd muſick, new blown ſcents,
Conſpir'd to ſooth the mind, and pleaſe each ſenſe:
Then down a ſhady haugh I took my way,
Delighted with each flower and budding ſpray;
Muſing on all that hurry, pain and ſtrife,
Which flow from the fantaſtick ills of life.
Enlarg'd from ſuch diſtreſſes of the mind,
Due gratitude to heav'n my thoughts refin'd,
And made me in the laughing ſage's way,
As a mere farce the murm'ring world ſurvey;
Finding imagin'd maladies abound,
Tenfold for one, which gives a real wound.

Godlike is he whom no falſe fears annoy,
Who lives content, and graſps the preſent joy;
Whoſe mind is not with wild convulſions rent
Of pride, and avarice, and diſcontent:

11. Laughing ſage.) Democritus.

Whoſe

Whoſe well-train'd paſſions, with a pious awe,
Are all ſubordinate to reaſon's law:
Then ſmooth content ariſes like the day,
And makes each rugged phantom fly away.
To loweſt men ſhe gives a lib'ral ſhare
Of ſolid bliſs; ſhe mitigates our care,
Enlarging joys, adminiſtrating health;
The rich man's pleaſure, and the poor man's wealth;
A train of comforts on her nod attend,
And to her ſway profits and honours bend.

Hail bleſt content! who art by heav'n deſign'd
Parent of health and chearfulneſs of mind;
Serene content ſhall animate my ſong,
And make the immortal numbers ſmooth and ſtrong.

Silenus, thou whoſe hoary beard and head
Experience ſpeak, and youth's attention plead;
Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and diſcloſe
What ſtate of life enjoys the moſt repoſe.
Thus I addreſt:—And thus the ancient bard;—
Firſt, to no ſtate of life fix thy regard.
All mortals may be happy, if they pleaſe,
Not rack'd with pain, nor lingering diſeaſe.

Midas the wretch, wrapt in his patched rags,
With empty paunch, ſits brooding o'er his bags;
Meager his look, his mind in conſtant fright,
If winds but move his windows in the night;
If dogs ſhould bark, or but a mouſe make din,
He ſweats and ſtarts, and thinks the thief's got in:
His ſleep forſakes him 'till the dawn appears,
Which every thing but ſuch a caitiff chears;
It gives him pain to buy a farthing-light,
He jums at home in darkneſs all the night.

What makes him manage with ſuch cautious pain?
'Twould break a ſum; a farthing ſpent ſo vain!
If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when ſome needful man
Gives ten *per Cent.* with an inſuring pawn;
Tho' he's provided in as much would ſerve
Whole *Neſtor*'s years, he ever fears to ſtarve.
Tell him of alms, alas! he'd rather chuſe
Damnation and the promis'd bliſs refuſe.
—And is there ſuch a wretch beneath the Sun—?
Yes, he return'd, thouſands inſtead of one,
To whom content is utterly unknown.——
Are all the rich men ſuch?—He anſwer'd, no;
Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth beſtow
Upon himſelf, his friends, and on the poor,
Enjoys enough, and wiſhes for no more.

Reverſe of theſe, is he who braves the ſky,
Curſing his maker when he throws the die:
Gods, devils, furies, hell, heaven, blood and wounds,
Promiſcuous fly in burſts of tainted ſounds:
He to perdition doth his ſoul bequeath,
Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.
Except at game, he ne'er employs his thought
'Till hiſs'd and pointed at,—not worth a groat.
The deſp'rate remnant of a large eſtate
Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy fate;
He finds his folly now, but finds too late.
Ill brooks my fondling maſter to be poor,
Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and whore.
How pitiful he looks without his rent!
They who fly virtue, ever fly content.

Now I beheld the ſage look'd leſs ſevere,
Whilſt pity join'd his old ſatyrick lear.

The

The weakly mind, ſaid he, is quickly torn,
Men are not gods, ſome frailties muſt be born:
Heaven's bounteous hand all in their turn abuſe,
The happieſt men at times their fate refuſe,
Befool themſelves,—and trump up an excuſe.

Is *Lucius* but a ſubaltern of foot?
His equal *Gallus* is a coronet.

Sterilla ſhuns a goſſiping, and why?
The teeming mother fills her with envy.
The pregnant matron's grief as much prevails,
Some of the children always ſomething ails:
One boy is ſick, t'other has broke his head,
And nurſe is blam'd when little miſs is dead.

A dutcheſs on a velvet couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair cheeks till ſhe is almoſt blind;
Poor *Phili*'s death the briny pearls demands,
Who ceaſes now to ſnarl and lick her hands.

The politicians, who in learn'd debates,
With penetration carve out kingdoms fates,
Look ſour, drink coffee, ſhrug, and read gazettes:
Deep ſunk in craft of ſtate their ſouls are loſt,
And all their hopes depend upon the poſt:
Each mail that's due they curſe the contrair wind,
'Tis ſtrange if this way men contentment find.
Tho' old, their humours I am yet to learn,
Who vex themſelves in what they've no concern.

Ninny the glaring fop, who always runs
In tradeſmen's books, which makes the careful duns
Often e'er ten to break his ſlumbering reſt:
Whilſt with their craving clamours he's oppreſt,

He frames excuſes 'till his cranny akes,
Then thinks he juſtly damns the curſed ſnakes.
The diſappointed dun with as much ire,
Both threats and curſes till his breaſt's on fire;
Then home he goes, and pours it on his houſe,
His ſervants ſuffer oft, and oft his ſpouſe.

Some groan thro' life amidſt a heap of cares,
To load with too much wealth their lazy heirs:
The lazy heir turns all to ridicule,
And all his life proclaims his father fool.
He toils in ſpending.—Leaves a thread-bare ſon,
To ſcrape anew, as had his grandſire done.

How is the fair *Myrtilla*'s boſom fir'd,
If *Leda*'s ſable locks are more admir'd;
While *Leda* does her ſecret ſighs diſcharge,
Becauſe her mouth's a ſtraw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus ſung the ſire, and left me to evite
The ſcorching beams in ſome cool green retreat;
Where gentle ſlumber ſeiz'd my weary'd brain,
And mimick fancy op'd the following ſcene.

Methought I ſtood upon a riſing ground,
A ſplendid landſkip open'd all around,
Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks and woods,
And domes, which hid their turrets in the clouds;
To me approach'd a nymph divinely fair,
Celeſtial virtue ſhone through all her air:
A nymph for grace, her wiſdom more renown'd
Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour crown'd.
Around her heav'nly ſmiles a helmet blaz'd,
And graceful as ſhe mov'd, a ſpear ſhe gently rais'd.
My ſight at firſt the luſtre ſcarce cou'd bear,
Her dazzling glories ſhone ſo ſtrong and clear:

A majeſty ſublime, with all that's ſweet,
Did adoration claim, and love invite.
I felt her wiſdom's charm my thoughts inſpire,
Her dauntleſs courage ſet my ſoul on fire.
The maid, when thus I knew, I ſoon addreſt,
My preſent wiſhful thoughts the theme ſuggeſt:
'Of all th' etherial powers thou nobleſt maid,
'To human weakneſs lend'ſt the readieſt aid:
'To where content and her bleſt train reſide,
'Immortal *Pallas*, deign to be my guide.'
With my requeſt well pleas'd, our courſe we bent,
To find the habitation of content.

Thro' fierce *Bellona*'s tents we firſt advanc'd,
Where cannons bounc'd, and nervous horſes pranc'd:
Here *Vi & Armis* ſat with dreadful awe
And daring front, to prop each nation's law;
Attending ſquadrons on her motions wait,
Array'd in deaths, and fearleſs of their fate.
Here chieftain ſouls glow'd with as great a fire,
As his who made the world but one empire.
Even in low ranks brave ſpirits might be found,
Who wanted nought of monarchs but a crown.
But ah! ambition ſtood a foe to peace,
Shaking the empty fob and ragged fleece;
Which were more hideous to theſe ſons of war,
Than brimſtone, ſmoak, and ſtorms of bullets are.
Here, ſaid my guide, content is rarely found,
Where blood and noiſy jars beſet the ground.

Trade's wealthy ware-houſe next fell in our way,
Where in great bales part of each nation lay,
The *Spaniſh* citron, and *Heſperia*'s oil,
Perſia's ſoft product, and the *Chineſe* toil;

Warm

Warm *Borneo*'s ſpices, *Arab*'s ſcented gum,
The *Poliſh* amber, and the *Saxon* mum,
The *Orient* pearl, *Holland*'s lace and toys,
And tinſy work, which the fair nun employs.
From *India* ivory, and the clouded cane,
And cochineal from ſtraits of *Magellan*.
The *Scandinavian* roſin, hemp and tar,
The *Lapland* furs, and *Ruſſia* caviare,
The *Gallick* punchion charg'd with ruby juice,
Which makes the hearts of gods and men rejoice.
Britannia here pours from her plenteous horn,
Her ſhining mirrors, clock-work, cloaths and corn.
Here *Cent. per Cents* ſat poring o'er their books,
While many ſhew'd the bankrupts in their looks,
Who by miſmanagement their ſtock had ſpent,
Curs'd theſe hard times, and blam'd the government.
The miſſive letter, and peremptor bill,
Forbade them reſt, and call'd forth all their ſkill.
Uncertain credit bore the ſceptre here,
And her prime miniſters were hope and fear.
The ſurly chufs demanded what we ſought,
Content, ſaid I, may ſhe with gold be bought?
Content! ſaid one, then ſtar'd and bit his thumb,
And leering aſk'd, if I was worth a plum.

Love's fragrant fields, where mildeſt weſtern gales,
Loaden with ſweets, perfume the hills and dales;
Where longing lovers haunt the ſtreams and glades,
And cooling groves, whoſe verdure never fades;
Thither with joy and haſty ſteps we ſtrode,
There ſure I thought our long'd-for bliſs abode.
Whom firſt we met on that enchanted plain,
Was a tall yellow-hair'd young penſive ſwain;

200. Worth a plum.] 100,000 Pounds.

Him

Him I addreſt,—' O youth, what heavenly power
' Commands and graces yon *Elyſian* bower?
' Sure 'tis content, elſe much I am deceiv'd.'
The ſhepherd ſigh'd, and told me that I rav'd.
Rare ſhe appears, unleſs on ſome fine day
She grace a nuptial, but ſoon haſtes away:
If her you ſeek, ſoon hence you muſt remove,
Her preſence is precarious in love.

Thro' theſe and other ſhrines we wander'd long,
Which merit no deſcription in my ſong:
'Till at the laſt, methought we caſt our eye
Upon an antique temple, ſquare and high,
Its area wide, its ſpire did pierce the ſky;
On adamantine *Dorick* pillars rear'd,
Strong *Gothick* work the maſſy pile appear'd:
Nothing ſeem'd little, all was great deſign'd,
Which pleas'd the eye at once, and fill'd the mind.
Whilſt wonder did my curious thoughts engage,
To us approach'd a ſtudious rev'rend ſage:
Both awe and kindneſs his grave aſpect bore,
Which ſpoke him rich with wiſdom's fineſt ſtore.
He aſk'd our errand there,—Straight I reply'd,
' Content; in theſe high towers does ſhe reſide?'
Not far from hence, ſaid he, her palace ſtands,
Ours ſhe regards, as we do her demands;
Philoſophy ſuſtains her peaceful ſway,
And in return ſhe feaſts us every day.
Then ſtraight an antient teleſcope he brought,
By *Socrates* and *Epictetus* wrought,
Improved ſince, made eaſier to the ſight,
Lengthen'd the tube, the glaſſes ground more bright:
Through this he ſhew'd a hill, whoſe lofty brow
Enjoy'd the ſun, while vapours all below,

In

In pitchy clouds, encircled it around,
Where phantoms of moſt horrid forms abound;
The ugly brood of lazy ſpleen and fear,
Frightful in ſhape, moſt monſtrous appear.
Then thus my guide,——
Your way lies through yon gloom, be not aghaſt,
Come briſkly on, you'll jeſt them when they're paſt:
Mere empty ſpectres, harmleſs as the air,
Which merit not your notice, leſs your care.
Encourag'd with her word, I thus addreſt
My noble guide, and grateful joy expreſt.
'O ſacred wiſdom! thine's the ſource of light,
'Without thy blaze the world wou'd grope in night;
'Of woe and bliſs thou only art the teſt,
'Falſhood and truth before thee ſtand confeſt:
'Thou mak'ſt a double life: one nature gave,
'But without thine, what is it mortals have?
'A breathing motion grazing to the grave.

Now thro' the damps methought we boldly went,
Smiling at all the grins of diſcontent:
Tho' oft pull'd back, the riſing ground we gain'd,
Whilſt inward joy my weary'd limbs ſuſtain'd.
Arriv'd the height, whoſe top was large and plain,
And what appear'd ſoon recompens'd my pain,
Nature's whole beauty deck'd th' enamel'd ſcene.

Amidſt the glade the ſacred palace ſtood,
The architecture not ſo fine as good;
Nor ſcrimp, nor gouſty, regular and plain,
Plain were the columns which the roof ſuſtain:
An eaſy greatneſs in the whole was found,
Where all that nature wanted did abound.
But here no beds are ſcreen'd with rich brocade,
Nor fewel-logs in ſilver grates are laid:

No broken *China*-bowls disturb the joy
Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy;
Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are rang'd,
To be with each splenetick fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten sentry watch'd the gate,
Of temper cross, and practis'd in debate:
'Till once acquaint with him, no entry here,
Tho' brave as *Cæsar*, or as *Helen* fair:
To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,
And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his name.

This fair inscription shone above the gate,
Fear none but him whose Will directs thy Fate.
With smile austere he lifted up his head,
Pointed the characters, and bid us read.
We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at last
Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

Each day a herald, by the queen's command,
Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,
And thence to all the earth this offer make,
'Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,
'Shall have them free, if they small rubs can bear
'Of disappointment, spleen and bug-bear fear.'

Rais'd on a throne within the outer gate,
The goddess sat, her vot'ries round her wait:
The beautiful divinity disclos'd
Sweetness sublime, which roughest cares compos'd:
Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
Not rich her dress, but suitable and clean:
Unfurrow'd was her brow, her cheeks were smooth,
Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth;

And all her accents ſo harmonious flow'd,
That every liſt'ning ear with pleaſure glow'd.
An olive garland on her head ſhe wore,
And her right hand a *Cornucopia* bore.
Croſs *Touchſtone* fill'd a bench without the door,
To try the *Sterling* of each human ore:
Grim judge he was, and them away he ſent,
Unfit t' approach the ſhrine of calm content.

To him a hoary dotard load with bags:
Unweildy load! to one who hardly drags
His being.—More than ſeventy years, ſaid he,
I've ſought this court, 'till now unfound by me:
Now let me reſt.—' Yes, if ye want no more;
' But e'er the ſun has made his annual tour,
' Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's without
' thy pow'r.'
The thoughts of death, and ceaſing from his gain,
Brought on the old man's head ſo ſharp a pain,
Which dim'd his optick nerves, and with the light
He loſt the palace, and crawl'd back to night.

Poor griping thing, how uſeleſs is thy breath,
While nothing's ſo much long'd for as thy death?
How meanly haſt thou ſpent thy leaſe of years?
A ſlave to poverty, to toils and fears;
And all to vie with ſome black rugged hill,
Whoſe rich contents millions of chefts can fill.
As round the greedy rock clings to the mine,
And hinders it in open day to ſhine,
'Till diggers hew it from the ſpar's embrace,
Making it circle, ſtampt with *Cæſar*'s face;
So doſt thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin
His uſeful image, and thy country coin,

'Till gaping heirs have free'd th' impriſon'd ſlave,
When to their comfort thou haſt fill'd a grave.

The next, who with a janty air approach'd,
Was a gay youth, who thither had been coach'd:
Sleek were his *Flanders* mares, his liv'ries fine,
With glittering gold his furniture did ſhine.
Sure ſuch methought may enter when they pleaſe,
Who have all theſe appearances of eaſe.
Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,
Attempt' to paſs, but found himſelf deceiv'd:
Old *Touchſtone* gave him on the breaſt a box,
Which op'd the ſluices of a latent pox;
Then bid his equipage in haſte depart.
The youth look'd at them with a fainting heart;
He found he cou'd not walk, and bid them ſtay,
Swore three cramp oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

The pow'r expreſs'd herſelf thus with a ſmile,
'Theſe changing ſhadows are not worth our
'while;
'With ſmalleſt trifles oft their peace is torn,
'If here at night, they rarely wait the morn.'

Another beau as fine, but more vivace,
Whoſe airs ſat round him with an eaſy grace,
And well-bred motion, came up to the gate,
I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his fate.
The ſentry broke his clouded cane—he ſmil'd,
Got fairly in, and all our fears beguil'd.
The cane was ſoon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the Virtue to the circle ſpoke;
'Each thing magnificent or gay we grant,
'To them who're capable to bear their want.'

Two handſome toaſts came next; them well I knew,
Their lovely make the court's obſervance drew;
Three waiting-maids attended in the rear,
Each loaden with as much as ſhe cou'd bear:
One mov'd beneath a load of ſilks and lace,
Another bore the offsets of the face;
But the moſt bulky burden of the three,
Was her's who bore the utenſils of *Bohea*.
My mind indulgent in their favour pled,
Hoping no oppoſition would be made:
So mannerly, ſo ſmooth, ſo mild their eye,
Enough almoſt to give content envy.
But ſoon I found my error; the bold judge,
Who acted as if prompted by ſome grudge,
Them thus ſaluted with a hollow tone,
'You're none of my acquaintance, get you gone;
'What loads of trump'ry theſe?—ha, where's my
'croſs?
'I'll try if theſe be ſolid ware or boſs;'
The *China* felt the fury of his blow,
And loſt a being, or for uſe or ſhow;
For uſe or ſhow no more's each plate or cup,
But all in ſhreds upon the threſhold drop.
Now every charm which deck'd their face before,
Give place to rage, and beauty is no more.
The briny ſtream their roſy cheeks beſmear'd,
Whilſt they in clouds of vapours diſappear'd.

A ruſtick hinde, attir'd in home-ſpun grey,
With forked locks, and ſhoes bedaub'd with clay;
Palms ſhod with horn, his front freſh, brown and broad,
With legs and ſhoulders fitted for a load;
He 'midſt ten bawling children laugh'd and ſung,
While conſort hobnails on the pavement rung:

Up to the porter unconcern'd he came,
Forcing along his offspring and their dame.
Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him, but the clown
At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down;
And spite of him, into the palace went,
Where he was kindly welcom'd by Content.

Two *Bubian* philosophs put in their claims,
Gamaliel and *Critis* were their names;
But soon's they had our *British Homer* seen,
With face unruffl'd waiting on the queen,
Envious hate their surly bosoms fir'd,
Their colour chang'd, they from the porch retir'd:
Backward they went, reflecting with much rage
On the bad taste and humour of the age,
Which paid so much respect to nat'ral parts,
While they were starving graduates of arts.
The goddess fell a laughing at the fools,
And sent them packing to their grammar-schools;
Or in some garret elevate to dwell,
There with *Sisyphian* toil to teach young *Beaus* to spell.

Now all this while a gale of eastern wind,
And cloudy skies oppress the human mind;
The wind set west, back'd with the radiant beams,
Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the streams,
Exhal'd the spleen, and sooth'd a world of souls,
Who crowded now the avenue in shoals.
Numbers in black, of widowers, relicts, heirs,
Of new-wed lovers many handsome pairs;
Men landed from abroad, from camps and seas;
Others got through some dangerous disease:
A train of *Belles* adorn'd with something new,
And even of ancient prudes there were a few,
Who were refresh'd with scandal and with tea,
Which for a space set them from vapours free.

Here

Here from their cups the lower ſpecies flockt,
And knaves with bribes and cheating methods ſtockt.

The pow'r ſurvey'd the troop, and gave command
They ſhould no longer in the entry ſtand,
But be convey'd into *Chimera*'s tower,
There to attend her pleaſure for an hour.

Soon as they enter'd, apprehenſion ſhook
The fabrick: fear was fixt on every look;
Old age and poverty, diſeaſe, diſgrace,
With horrid grin, ſtar'd full in every face;
Which made them, trembling at their unknown fate,
Iſſue in haſte out by the poſtern-gate.

None waited out their hour but only two,
Who had been wedded fifteen years ago.
The man had learn'd the world, and fixt his mind;
His ſpouſe was chearful, beautiful and kind:
She neither fear'd the ſhock, nor phantom's ſtare:
She thought her huſband wiſe, and knew that he was there.
Now while the court was fitting, my fair guide
Into a fine *Elyſium* me convey'd;
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, the ſpacious fields
Adorn'd with all prolifick nature yields,
Profuſely rich, with her moſt valu'd ſtore:
But as m' enchanted fancy wander'd o'er
The happy plain, new beauties ſeem'd to riſe,
The fields were fled, and all was painted ſkies.
Pleas'd for a while, I wiſh'd the former ſcene;
Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my pain.
Again the flow'ry meadows diſappear,
And hills and groves their ſtately ſummits rear;

Theſe ſink again, and rapid rivers flow,
Next from the rivers cities ſeem to grow.

Sometime the fleeting ſcene I had forgot,
In buſy thought entrant'd, with pain I ſought
To know the hidden charm; ſtraight all was fled,
And boundleſs heav'ns o'er boundleſs ocean ſpread;
Impatient I obteſt my noble guide,
Reveal this wond'rous ſecret, ſhe reply'd.

We carried on what greatly we deſign'd,
When all theſe human follies you reſign'd,
Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'tous mind:
Yet think not true content can thus be bought,
There's wanting ſtill a train of virtuous thought.

When me your leader prudently you choſe,
And liſt'ning to my counſel, didſt refuſe
Fantaſtick joys, your ſoul was thus prepar'd
For true content; and thus I do reward
Your gen'rous toil. Obſerve this wond'rous clime;
Of nature's bleſſings here are hid the prime:
But wiſe and virtuous thought in conſtant courſe,
Muſt draw theſe beauties from their hidden ſource;
The ſmalleſt intermiſſions will transform
The pleaſant ſcene, and ſpoil each perfect charm.
'Tis ugly vice will rob you of content,
And to your view all helliſh woes preſent.
Nor grudge the care in virtue you employ,
Your preſent toil will prove your future joy.
Then ſmil'd ſhe heav'nly ſweet, and parting ſaid,
Hold faſt your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid.

A while the charming voice ſo fill'd my ears,
I griev'd the divine form no more appears.

Then

Then to confirm my yet unſteady mind,
Under a lonely ſhadow I reclin'd,
To try the virtues of the clime I ſought;
Then ſtraight call'd up a train of hideous thougth,
Famine, and blood, and peſtilence appear,
Wild ſhrieks and loud laments diſturb mine ear;
New woes and horrors did my ſight alarm:
Envy and hate compos'd the wretched charm.

Soon as I ſaw, I dropt the hateful view,
And thus I ſought paſt pleaſures to renew.
To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compoſe,
Then quick as thought the following ſighs diſcloſe:
Streams, meadows, grotto's, groves, birds carrolling,
Calmneſs, and temp'rate warmth, and endleſs ſpring;
A perfect tranſcript of theſe upper bowers,
The habitation of th' immortal powers.

Back to the palace raviſhed I went,
Reſolved to reſide with bleſt Content,
Where all my ſpecial friends methought I met,
In order 'mongſt the beſt of mankind ſet:
My ſoul with too much pleaſure overcharg'd,
The captiv'd ſenſes to their poſt enlarg'd:
Lifting mine eyes I view'd declining day,
Sprang from the green, and homeward bent my way,
Reflecting on that hurry, pain and ſtrife,
Which flow from falſe and real ills of life.

RICHY *and* SANDY, *a* Paſtoral *on the Death of* JOSEPH ADDISON, *Eſq;*

RICHY.

WHAT gars thee look ſae dowf, dear *Sandy*, ſay?
Chear up, dull fallow, take thy reed and play
My Apron Deary,—or ſome wanton tune:
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

SANDY.

Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane,
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whiſtle nane.

RICHY.

Wow man, that's unco' ſad,——Is that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the ſtrunt?—Or has ſome bogle-bo

Glowrin

An Explanation of Richy *and* Sandy, *by* Joſiah Burchet, *Eſq;*

RICHY.

WHAT makes thee look ſo ſad? dear Sandy, ſay,
Rouſe up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play
A merry jig, or try ſome other art,
To raiſe thy ſpirits, and cheer up thy heart.

SANDY.

No, no, it will not do! leave me to moan,
'Till twice eight days are paſt I'll whiſtle none.

RICHY.

That's ſtrange, indeed! has Jenny made thee ſad?
Or tell me, hath ſome horrid ſpectre, lad,

Richy and Sandy.) Sir Richard Steel and Mr. Alexander Pope.

(Glaring

Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has ſome dawted wedder broke his leg?

SANDY.

Naithing like that, ſic troubles eith were born,
What's bogles, wedders, or what *Mauſy*'s ſcorn!
Our loſs is meikle mair, and paſt remeed,
Edie, that play'd, and ſang ſae ſweet, is dead.

RICHY.

Dead, ſay'ſt thou; oh! had up my heart, O *Pan!*
Ye gods; what laids ye lay on feckleſs man!
Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r wae,
I'll bear ye company for year and day.
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the moſſy bent:
Blyth at the bought how aft ha' we three been,
Heartſome on hills, and gay upon the green.

SANDY.

EXPLANATION.

(Glaring from ruins old, in ſilent night)
Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic fright?
Or ails that wedder ought, thy favourite?

SANDY.

Such troubles might with much more eaſe be born:
What's goblins, weddere, or what's woman's ſcorn?
Our loſs is greater far; for Addy's dead,
Addy, who ſung ſo ſweetly on the mead.

RICHY.

Dead is he, ſay'ſt thou? guard my heart, oh Pan!
What burthens, gods, ye lay on feeble man!
Alack I cannot blame thee for thy grief;
Nor hope I, more than thou, to find relief.
A better lad ne'er lean'd on ſhepherd's crook,
Nor after game halloo'd his dog to look.
How glad where ews give milk have we three been,
Merry on hills, and gay upon the green!

SANDY.

SANDY.

That's true indeed! but now thae days are gane,
And with him a' that's pleaſant on the plain.
A ſummer-day I never thought it lang
To hear him make a roundel or a ſang.
How ſweet he ſung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of wimpling waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* herd wha lang ſinſyne
Beſt ſung on aeten reed the lover's pine,
Had he been to the fore now in our days,
Wi' *Edie* he had frankly dealt his bays.
As lang's the warld ſhall *Amaryllis* ken,
His *Roſamond* ſhall eccho thro' the glen;
While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,
Or wand'ring lambs rin bleeting after ews,
His fame ſhall laſt: laſt ſhall his ſang of weirs,
While *Britiſo* bairns brag of their bauld forbears.

We'll

EXPLANATION.

SANDY.

That's true indeed; but now, alas! in vain
We ſeek for pleaſure on the rural plain:
I never thought a ſummer's day too long
To hear his couplets, or his tuneful ſong.
How ſweet he ſang where vines and myrtles grow,
And winding ſtreams which in old Latium flow!
Titry, the Mantuan herd, who long ago
Sang beſt on oaten reed the lover's woe,
Did he, fam'd bard, but live in theſe our days,
He would with Addy freely ſhare his bays.
As long as ſhepherds Amaryllis hear,
So long his Roſamond ſhall pleaſe the ear.
While ſpangled daiſy near the riv'let grows,
And tender lambs ſeek after bleating ews,
His fame ſhall laſt. Laſt ſhall his ſong of wars,
While Britiſh youngſters boaſt of anceſtors.

27. How ſweet.) His poetick epiſtle from Italy to the Earl Hallifax.

34. Roſamond.) An opera wrote by him.

37. Sang of weirs.) His campaign; an heroick poem.

Much

We'll mickle miſs his blyth and witty jeſt
At ſpaining time, or at our *Lambmaſs* feaſt.
O, *Richy*, but 'tis hard that death ay reaves
Away the beſt fowck, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye'r ſprings,
Upon ye'r edge na mair the ſhepherd ſings.

RICHY.

Than he had ay a good advice to gi'e,
And kend my thoughts amaiſt as well as me;
Had I been thowleſs, vext, or oughtlins ſow'r,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour.
Had *Roſie* ta'en the dorts,—or had the tod
Worry'd my lamb,—or were my feet ill-ſhod,
Kindly he'd laugh when ſae he ſaw me dwine,
And tauk of happineſs like a divine.
Of ilka thing he had an unco' ſkill,
He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill.

He

EXPLANATION.

Much ſhall we miſs his merry witty jeſts,
At weaning times, and at our Lambmaſs feaſts.
Oh Richy! Richy! death hath been unkind
To take the good, and leave the ill behind.
Bow down your heads, ye hills, weep dry your ſprings,
For on your banks no more the ſhepherd ſings.

RICHY.

Then he had always good advice to give,
And could my thoughts, like as myſelf, conceive.
When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the ſpleen,
In one half hour with him I've merry been.
Had Jenny froward been, or Reynard bold
Worry'd my lamb, or were my ſhoes grown old;
Kindly he'd ſmile, when he obſerv'd me grieve,
And by his talk divine my breaſt relieve.
Addy did all things to perfection know;
Saw by the moon how tides wou'd ebb or flow.

He

He kend, what kend he not? e'en to a hair
He'd tell o'er night gin neiſt day wad be fair.
Blind *John*, ye mind, wha ſang in kittle phraſe,
How the ill ſp'rit did the firſt miſchief raiſe;
Mony a time beneath the auld birk-tree,
What's bonny in that ſang he loot me ſee.
The laſſes aſt flang down their rakes and pales,
And held their tongues, O ſtrange! to hear his tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his ſleep, and ſaft his wak'ning be,
He's in a better caſe than thee or me;
He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back,—he was a borrow'd len;
Let us be good, gin vertue be our drift,
Then may we yet forgether 'boon the lift.
But ſee the ſheep are wyſing to the cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his ouſen frae the pleugh;

Maggy

EXPLANATION.

He knew, what knew he not? e'en to a hair
He'd tell o'er night if next day would be fair.
The fam'd blind bard ſung in myſterious phraſe
How envious Satan did firſt miſchief raiſe;
But oft beneath the well-ſpread birchen-tree
The beauties of that ſong he made me ſee.
The laſſes oft flung down their rakes and pails,
And held their tongues, oh ſtrange! to hear his tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his ſleep, and ſoft his waking be;
More happy is he far than thee or me:
Too good he was for us; the gods but lent
Him here below, when hither he was ſent.
Let us be good, if virtue be our aim,
Then we may meet above the ſkies again.
But ſee how tow'rds the glade the fatlings go;
Thomas hath ta'en the oxen from the plough;

57. Blind John.) The famous Mr. Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradiſe Loſt, was blind.

Joan

Maggy by this has bewk the ſupper-ſcones,
And nuckle kye ſtand rowting on the loans:
Come, *Richy*, let us truſe and hame o'er bend,
And make the beſt of what we canna mend.

EXPLANATION.

Joan hath prepar'd the ſupper 'gainſt we come,
And late calf'd cows ſtand lowing neat their home:
Then let's have done, and to our reſt repair,
And what we cannot help, with patience bear.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, *on his* Richy *and* Sandy.

By Mr. BURCHET.

WELL fare thee, *Allan*, who in mother-tongue
So ſweetly hath of breathleſs *Addy* ſung.
His endleſs fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd,
And thou haſt written as if he inſpir'd.
Richy and *Sandy*, who do him ſurvive,
Long as thy rural ſtanza's laſt, ſhall live.
The grateful ſwains thou'ſt made, in tuneful verſe,
Mourn ſadly o'er their late—loſt patron's hearſe.
Nor would the *Mantuan* bard, if living, blame
Thy pious zeal, or think thou'ſt hurt his fame,
Since *Addiſon*'s inimitable lays
Give him an equal title to the bays.
When he of armies ſang, in lofty ſtrains,
It ſeem'd as if he in the hoſtile plains
Had preſent been. His pen hath to the life,
Trac'd ev'ry action in the ſanguine ſtrife.
In council now ſedate the chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in *Bavarian* ears;

And

And ſtill purſuing the deſtructive theme,
He puſhes them into the rapid ſtream.
Thus beaten out of *Blenheim*'s neighb'ring fields,
The *Gallic* gen'ral to the victor yields,
Who, as *Britannia*'s *Virgil* hath obſerv'd,
From threaten'd fate all *Europe* then preſerv'd.

Nor doſt thou, *Ramſay*, ſightleſs *Milton* wrong,
By ought contain'd in thy melodious ſong;
For none but *Addy* could his thoughts ſublime
So well unriddle, or his myſtick rhime.
And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where ſun-burnt ſhepherds to the nymphs make love,
No one e'er told in ſofter notes the tales
Of rural pleaſures in the ſpangled vales.

So much, Oh *Allan*! I thy lines revere,
Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my thanks refrain
For what thou'ſt ſung of the lamented ſwain.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq*;

THirſting for fame, at the *Pierian* ſpring
The poet takes a waught, then ſeys to ſing
Nature, and with the tentieſt view to hit
Her bonny ſide with bauldeſt turns of wit.
Streams ſlide in verſe, in verſe the mountains riſe,
When earth turns toom he rummages the ſkies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of reſt,
Doups down to viſit ilka laigh-land ghaiſt.
O hartſome labour! wordy time and pains,
That, frae the beſt, eſteem and friendſhip gains.

Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike
Stock-job the warld among them as they like.

In blyth braid *Scots* allow me, sir, to shaw
My gratitude, but fleetching or a flaw.
May rowth o' pleasures light upon ye lang,
'Till to the bleſt *Elysian* bowers ye gang;
Wha've clapt my head sae brawly for my sang.
When honour'd *Burchet* and his maiks are pleas'd
With my corn-pipe, up to the starns I'm heez'd;
Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time,
And view the warld delighted wi' my rhime.
That when the pride of spruſh new words are laid,
I like the *Classic* authors shall be read.
Stand yont, proud *Czar*, I wadna niffer fame
With thee, for a' thy furrs and paughty name.

If sic great ferlies, sir, my muse can do,
As spin a three-plait praise where it is due,
Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you.
Frae me! frae ilky ane; for sure a breast
Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good posseſt.
'Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weell,
And aft in sparkling claret drink your heal:
Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
Sweet *Addiſon*, the wale of human blood,
Wha fell, (as *Horace* anes said to his billy)
Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

AL. RAMSAY.

14. But fleetching.) *But* is frequently used for *without*, i. e. without flatt'ring.

Familiar Epiſtles between Lieutenant WILLIAM HAMILTON *and* ALLAN RAMSAY.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, *June* 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN!
Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,
There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as ſoon ding down *Tamtallan*
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae *Parnaſſus* thou didſt thunder,
Wi' wit and ſkill,
Wherefore I'll ſoberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quinteſſence
Thou has ſuck'd up, left nae excreſſence
To petty poets, or ſic meſſens,
Tho' round thy ſtool,
They may pick crumbs, and lear ſome leſſons
At *Ramſay*'s ſchool.

Tho' *Ben* and *Dryden* of renown
Were yet alive in *London* town,

4. Tamtallon.) An old fortification upon the firth of Forth in East Lothian.

13. Tho' Ben.) The celebrated Ben Johnſon.

Like

Like kings contending for a crown;
'Twad be a pingle,
Whilk o' you three wad gar words ſound
And beſt to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create
Thee upo' ſight the laureat
Of this our age,
Since thou may'ſt fairly claim to that
As thy juſt wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
Gin they reſpect not *Ramſay*'s name,
Wha ſoon can gar them greet for ſhame,
To their great loſs;
And ſent them a' right ſneaking hame
Be weeping-croſs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be warry,
And lear wi' ſkill thy thruſt to parry,
When thou conſults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,
Which come from thy poetick quarry,
As ſharp as ſwords.

Now tho' I ſhould baith reel and rottle,
And be as light as *Ariſtotle*,
At *Ed'nburgh* we ſall ha'e a bottle
Of reaming claret,

19. The Laureat.)
Scots Ramſay preſs'd hard, and ſturdily vaunted,
He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it;
But riſit Apollo, and cry'd, Peace there, old ſtile,
Your wit is obſcure to one half of the Iſle.
B. Seſſ. of Poets.

Gin that my haff-pay filler ſhottle
Can ſafely ſpare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk aften does our ſpirits drain
Of true content;
Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a laſting league,
Free of ill aſpect or intrigue,
And gin you pleaſe it,
Like princes when met at the *Hague*,
We'll ſolemnize it.

Accept of this and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I have done it;
Sae I conclude and end my ſonnet,
Who am moſt fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
Yours—wanton *Willy*.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my poſtſcript I incline
To let you ken my hail deſign
Of ſic a lang imperfect line,
Lyes in this ſentence,

32. Haff-pay.) He held his commiſſion honourably in my Lord Hyndford's regiment.

And may the ſtars wha ſhine aboon
With honour notice real merit,
Be to my friend auſpicious ſoon,
And cheriſh ay ſae fine a ſpirit.

To

To cultivate my dull ingine
By your acquaintance.

Your anſwer therefore I expect,
And to your friend you may direct,
At *Gilbertfield* do not neglect
When ye have leiſure,
Which I'll embrace with great reſpect
And perfect pleaſure.

ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, *July* 10th, 1715.

SONSE ſa me, witty, wanton *Willy*,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly;
Not a fow pint, nor ſhort hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd pleaſe ſae meikle, my dear *Billy*,
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goſſy *Don*'s be candle-light,
There firſt I ſaw't, and ca'd it right,
And the maiſt feck
Wha's ſeen't ſinſyne, they ca'd as tight
As that on *Heck*.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna ſay
But I may cock my noſe the day,
When *Hamilton* the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy.

51. Gilbertfield.) Nigh Glaſgow.

In verſe that ſlides ſae ſmooth away,
Well tell'd and eaſy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend mettle,
Nae ſma did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd criticks it will nettle,
And e'en ſae be't:
This month I'm ſure I winna lettle,
Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud firſt to cun verſe,
And cou'd your *Ardry Whins* rehearſe,
Where *Bonny Heck* ran faſt and fierce,
It warm'd my breaſt;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk ſince ne'er ceas'd.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little;
Ye're never rugget, ſhan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby,
And hit the ſpirit to a tittle,
Of ſtandart *Habby*.

Ye'll quat your quill! that were ill-willy,
Ye's ſing ſome mair yet, nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle hainning wad but ſpill ye,
And gar ye ſour,
Then up and war them a' yet, *Willy*,
'Tis in your power.

18. Ardry Whins.) The laſt words of Bonny Heck, of which he was author.

24. Standart Habby.) The elegy on Habby Simpſon, piper of Kilbarchan, a finiſh'd piece of its kind.

To

To knit up dollers in a clout,
And then to eard them round about,
Syne to tell up, they downa lout
To lift the gear;
The maliſon lights on that rout,
Is plain and clear.

The chiels of *London*, *Cam*, and *Ox*,
Ha'e rais'd up great poetick ſtocks
Of *Rapes*, of *Buckets*, *Sarks* and *Locks*,
While we neglect
To ſhaw their betters. This provokes
Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of *Gawn Dunkell*;
Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair ſnack and ſmell
At verſe or proſe;
Our kings were poets too themſell,
Bauld and jocoſe.

To *Ed'nburgh*, ſir, when e'er ye come,
I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
Were't frae the gill-bells to the drum,
And take a bout,
And faith I hope we'll no ſit dumb,
Nor yet caſt out.

37. Gawn Dunkell.) Gawn Douglaſs, brother to the earl of Angus, biſhop of Dunkell, who, beſides ſeveral original poems, hath left a moſt exact tranſlation of Virgil's Æneis.

40. Our kings.) James the firſt and fifth.

43. Frae the gill-bells.) From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the muſick-bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells, from peoples taking a wheting dram at that time. To the drum, ten a-clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn ſober folks to call for a bill.

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, *July* 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epiſtle,
It made me dance, and ſing, and whiſtle;
O ſic a ſyke, and ſic a fiſtle
I had about it!
That e'er was knight of the *Scots* thiſtle [4]
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou ſent me,
How to the nines they did content me;
Tho', ſir, ſae high to compliment me,
Ye might defer'd;
For had ye but haff well a kent me,
Some leſs wad ſer'd.

With joyfou heart beyond expreſſion,
They're ſafely now in my poſſeſſion:
O gin I were a winter-ſeſſion
Near by thy lodging,
I'd cloſs attend thy new profeſſion, [12]
Without e'er budging.

In even down earneſt, there's but few
To vie with *Ramſay* dare avow,
In verſe, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,

4. Knight of the Scots thiſtle.) The antient and moſt noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius. The ordinary enſign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green ribband, to which was appended a thiſtle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, 'Nemo me impune laceſſet.'

Thou's

Thou's better at that trade, I trow,
Than ſome's at preaching.

For my part, 'till I'm better leart,
To troke with thee I'd beſt forbear't;
For an' the fouk of *Ed'nburgh* hear't,
They'll ca' me daft,
I'm unco' irie and dirt-feart
I make wrang waft.

Thy verſes nice as ever nicket,
Made me as canty as a cricket;
I ergh to reply, leſt I ſtick it,
Syne like a coof
I look, or ane whoſe poutch is picket
As bare's my loof.

Heh winſom! how thy ſaft ſweet ſtile,
And bonny auld words gar me ſmile;
Thou's travell'd ſure mony a mile
Wi' charge and coſt,
To learn them thus keep rank and file,
And ken their poſt.

For I maun tell thee, honeſt *Allie*,
I uſe the freedom ſo to call thee,
I think them a' ſae brae and walie,
And in ſic order,
I wad nae care to be thy vallie,
Or thy recorder.

Has thou with *Roſicrucians* wandert?
Or thro' ſome doncie deſart dandert?

16. Than ſome's at preaching.) This compliment is entirely free of the fulſome hyperbole.

33. Roſicrucians.) A people deeply learn'd in the occult ſciences, who converſed with aerial beings. Gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or ſo.

That

That with thy magick, town and landart,
For ought I ſee,
Maun a' come truckle to thy ſtandart
Of poetrie.

Do not miſtake me, deareſt heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black art;
'Tis thy good genius ſtill alert,
That does inſpire
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and ſmart,
To thy deſire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,
Bra to ſet o'er a pint of ale:
For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
Againſt a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a mail,
For ſic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
As either theb, or honeſt *Habby*,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet pluſh,
And then thou'd be ſae far frae ſhabby,
Thou'd look right ſpruſh.

What tho' young empty airy ſparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks;
'Tis ſma preſumption
To ſay they're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb criticks get a tether
To ty up a' their lang looſe lether;

If

If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it,
For an' they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them skellums,
I'm sure thou needs set little by
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleirt and doited,
That when I raise, in troth I stoited;
I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited
On the cald eard.

Which did oblige a little dumple
Upon my doup, close by my rumple:
But had ye seen how I did trumple,
Ye'd split your side,
Wi' mony a long and weary wimple,
Like trough of *Clyde*.

ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, *August* 4th, 1719.

DEAR *Hamilton*, ye'll turn me dyver,
My muse sae bonny ye descrive her,
Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,
For wi' a whid,
Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
She'll rin red-wood.

4. Rin red-wood.) Run distracted.

Said

Said I,—— 'Whiſht, quoth the vougy jade,
'*William*'s a wiſe judicious lad,
'Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
'Ill-bred bog-ſtaker;
'But me ye ne'er ſae crouſe had craw'd,
'Ye poor ſcull-thacker.

'It ſets ye well indeed to gadge!
'E'er I t' *Apollo* did ye cadge,
'And got ye on his honour's badge,
'Ungratefou beaſt,
'A *Glaſgow* capon and a fadge
'Ye thought a feaſt.

'Swith to *Caſtalius*' fountain-brink,
'Dad down a grouf, and take a drink,
'Syne whiſk out paper, pen and ink,
'And do my bidding;
'Be thankfou, elſe I'ſe gar ye ſtink
'Yet on a midding.'

My miſtreſs dear, your ſervant humble,
Said I, I ſhou'd be laith to drumble

7. Ill-bred bog-ſtaker, but me, &c.) The muſe not unreaſonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours ſhe has done, by bringing me from ſtalking over bogs or wild marſhes, to lift my head a little briſker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanick. Scull-thacker, i. e. thatcher of ſculls.

9. It ſets ye well indeed to gadge.) Ironically ſhe ſays, it becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily and affront my benefactreſs, by alledging ſo meanly, that it were poſſible to praiſe her out of her ſolidity.

12. A Glaſgow capon, &c.) A Herring. A Fadge, a coarſe kind of leaven'd bread, uſed by the common people.

14. Dad down a grouf.) Fall flat on your belly.

Your

Your paſſions, or e'er gar ye grumble,
'Tis ne'er be me
Shall ſcandalize, or ſay ye bummil
Ye'r poetrie.

Frae what I've tell'd, my friend may learn
How ſadly I ha'e been forfairn,
I'd better been a yont ſide *Kairn-amount*, I trow;
I've kiſs'd the taz like a good bairn,
Now, ſir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a barrel;
Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,
When thou inclines
To knoit thrawn gabbed ſumphs that ſnarl
At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel ſays, Ye're well worth gowd,
And blythneſs on ye's well beſtow'd,
'Mang witty *Scots* ye'r name's be row'd,
Ne'er fame to tine;
The crooked clinkers ſhall be cow'd,
But ye ſhall ſhine.

Set out the burnt ſide of your ſhin,
For pride in poets is nae ſin,

23. Kairn-amount.) A noted hill in the north of Scotland.

24. I've kiſs'd the taz.) Kiſs'd the rod, own'd my fault like a good child.

32. The crooked clinkers, &c.) The ſcribbling rhimers, with their lame verſification. Shall be cow'd, i. e. ſhorn off.

33. Set out the burnt ſide of your ſhin.) As if one would ſay, Walk ſtately with your toes out; an expreſſion uſed when we would bid a perſon (merrily) look briſk.

Glory's

Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And Fame's their jo;
And wha blaws beſt the horn ſhall win:
And wharefore no?

Quiſquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
Shaw ſcanter ſkill, than *malos mores*,
Multi & magni men before us
Did ſtamp and ſwagger,
Probatum eſt, exemplum Horace
Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts faſh'd wi' ſpleen,
Caſt up the wrang ſide of their een,
Pegh, fry and girn wi' ſpite and teen,
And ſa a flyting,
Laugh, for the lively lads will ſcreen
Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypſies dinna ſpung us,
And foreign whiſkers ha'e na dung us;
Gin I can ſnifter thro' mundungus,
Wi' boots and belt on,
I hope to ſee you at St. *Mungo*'s
Atween and beltan.

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, *Auguſt* 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and laſt eſſay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,

48. St. Mungo's.) The high church of Glaſgow.

Bright

Bright *Ramſay*, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donſie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard ſay
Was ay thought ſonſie.

Wharefore I ſcarce cou'd ſleep or ſlumber,
'Till I made up that happy number,
The pleaſure counterpois'd the cumber,
In ev'ry part,
And ſnoov't away like three hand omber,
Sixpence a cart.

Of thy laſt poem, bearing date
Auguſt the fourth, I grant receipt;
It was ſae bra, gart me look blate,
'Maiſt tyne my ſenſes,
And look juſt like poor country *Kate*
In Lucky *Spence*'s.

I ſhaw'd it to our pariſh-prieſt,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feaſt;
He ſays, thou may had up thy creeſt,
And craw ſu' crouſe,
The poets a' to thee's but jeſt,
Not worth a ſouce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muſe,
Of compliments is ſae profuſe;
For my good havins dis me rooſe
Sae very finely
It were ill-breeding to refuſe
To thank her kindly.

8. Snoov't away.) Whirl'd ſmoothly round. Snooving, always expreſſes the action of a top or ſpindle, &c.

12. Country Kate.) Vide Lucky Spence's elegy, line 51.

What

What tho' ſometimes in angry mood,
When ſhe puts on her barlick-hood,
Her dialect ſeem rough and rude;
Let's ne'er be flee't,
But take our bit when it is good,
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll take the flings; verſe may grow ſcanter,
Syne wi' great ſhame
We'll rue the day that we do want her,
Then wha's to blame?

But let us ſtill her kindneſs culzie,
And wi' her never breed a toulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little ſpulzie,
In ſic a barter;
And ſhe'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I ſcarce dare apen mair,
'Till I take better wi' the lair,
My pen's ſae blunted;
And a' for fear I file the fair,
And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink makes me ſae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;

27. She'll take the flings.) Turn ſullen, reſtive, and kick.
36. For fear I file the fair.) This phraſe is uſed when one attempts to do what's handſome, and is affronted by not doing it right,—not a reaſonable fear in him.
37. Dull draff-drink.) Heavy malt-liquor.

Yet

Yet ſet me in a claret howff;
Wi' fowk that's chancy,
My muſe may len me then a gowff
To clear my fancy.

Then *Bacchus* like I'd bawl and bluſter,
And a' the muſes 'bout me muſter;
Sae merrily I'd ſqueeze the cluſter,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi' my verſe a brighter luſtre,
And better ſhape.

The pow'rs aboon be ſtill auſpicious
To thy atchievements maiſt delicious,
Thy poems ſweet and nae way vicious,
But blyth and kanny;
To ſee, I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy miſcellany.

A' bleſſings, *Ramſay*, on thee row,
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
And thro' thy creed,
Be keeped frae the wirricow
After thou's dead.

ANSWER III.

EDINBURGH, *September* 2d, 1719.

My truſty TROJAN,

THY laſt oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auldfarren jokes,

49. A' bleſſings, &c.) All this verſe is a ſuccinct cluſter of kind wiſhes, elegantly expreſs'd, with a friendly ſpirit, to which I take the liberty to add Amen.

And ſonſie ſaw of three provokes
Me anes again,
Tod lowrie like, to looſe my pocks,
And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e red,
I eithly ſcan the man well-bred,
And Soger that where honour led,
Has ventur'd bauld;
Wha' now to youngſters leaves the yed
To 'tend his fald.

That bang'ſter billy *Cæſar July*,
Wha at *Pharſalia* wan the tooly,
Had better ſped, had he mair hooly
Scamper'd thro' life,
And 'midſt his glories ſheath'd his gooly,
And kiſs'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd,
Upon burn banks the muſes woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?
The ſenate's durks, and faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

Yet ſometimes leave the riggs and bog,
Your howms, and braes, and ſhady ſcrog,
And helm-a-lee the claret cog,
To clear your wit:
Be blyth, and let the warld e'en ſhog,
As it thinks fit.

4. Tod lowrie like.) Like Reynard the fox, to betake myſelf to ſome more of my wiles.

8. Leaves the yed to 'tend his fald.) Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

13. As well he cou'd.) 'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.

Ne'er

Ne'er faſh about your neiſt year's ſtate,
Nor with ſuperior powers debate,
Nor cantrapes caſt to ken your fate;
There's ills anew
To cram our days, which ſoon grow late;
Let's live juſt now.

When northern blaſts the ocean ſnurl,
And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn,
Grip faſt the hours which haſty hurl,
The morn's the morn.

Thus to *Leuconoe* ſang ſweet *Flaccus*,
Wha nane e'er thought a *Gillygacus*:
And why ſhould we let whimſies bawk us,
When joy's in ſeaſon,
And thole ſae aft the ſpleen to whauk us
Out of our reaſon?

Tho' I were laird of tenſcore acres,
Nodding to jouks of hallenſhakers,
Yet cruſh'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
Contentment ruins,
I'd rather rooſt wi' cauſey-rakers,
And ſup cauld ſowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
A doll of roſt beef pypin het,

27. Toom the horn.) 'Tis frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn-cups, made in ſhape of a water-glaſs.

29. Thus to Leuconoe.) Vide book I. 11. Ode of Horace.

34. Hallenſhakers.) A hallen is a fence (built of ſtone, turf, or a moveable ſtake of Heather) at the ſides of the door in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is all expreſs'd in the term Hallenſhaker.

And wi' red wine their wyſon wet,
And cleathing clean,
And be nae ſick, or drown'd in debt,
They're no to mean.

I red this verſe to my ain kimmer,
Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,
Or ſic and ſic good belly-timmer;
Quoth ſhe, and leugh,
'Sicker of thae winter and ſimmer,
'Ye're well eneugh.'

My hearty goſs, there is nae help,
But hand to nive we twa maun ſkelp
Up *Rhine* and *Thames*, and o'er the *Alp-*
tines and *Pyrenians*.
The chearſou carles do ſae yelp
To ha'e 's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme ſae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,
Sae gaſh and gay, gars fowk gae gare
To ha'e them by them;
Tho' gaffin they wi' ſides ſae ſair,
Cry, 'Wae gae by him!'

Fair fa that ſoger did invent
To eaſe the poets toil wi' print:
Now, *William*, wi' maun to the bent,
And pouſs our fortune,

51. Gars fowk gae gare.) Make people very earneſt.

52. Wi' ſides ſae ſair, cry, 'Wae gae by him!') 'Tis uſual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of ſore ſides, and to beſtow a kindly curſe on the author of the jeſt. But the folks of more tender conſciences have turned their expletives to friendly wiſhes, ſuch as this; or, Sonſe fa' ye, and the like.

And

And crack wi' lads wha're well content
Wi' this our ſporting.

Gin ony ſour-mou'd girning bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we like nags whaſe necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our teeth;
I'll anſwer fine,—Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky,
She dwells i' *Leith*.

I ne'er wi' lang tales faſh my head,
But when I ſpeak, I ſpeak indeed:
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
I'll own I am ſae,
And while my champers can chew bread,
Yours—ALLAN RAMSAY.

An Epiſtle to Lieutenant HAMILTON, *on the receiving the compliment of a barrel of* Loch-fin *herrings from him.*

YOUR herrings, ſir, came hale and feer,
In healſome brine a' ſoumin,
Fu' fat they are and guſty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on:
Bra ſappy fiſh
As ane cou'd wiſh
To clap on fadge or ſcon;
They reliſh fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares ſtand yon.

60. Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky, &c.) Is a cant phraſe, from what riſe I know not; but 'tis made uſe of when one thinks it not worth while to give a direct anſwer, or think themſelves fooliſhly accuſed.

1. Hale and feer.) Whole, without the leaſt fault or want.

Right mony gabs wi' them ſhall gang
About *Auld Reeky*'s ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
Where ſtoups and trunchers gingle;
Then my friend leal,
We toſs ye'r heal,
And with bald brag advance,
What's hoorded in
Lochs *Broom* and *Fin*
Might ding the ſtocks of *France*.

A jelly ſum to carry on
A fiſhery's deſign'd,
Twa million good of *ſterling* pounds,
By men of money's ſign'd.
Had ye but ſeen
How unco' keen
And thrang they were about it,
That we are bald,
Right rich and ald-
Farran ye ne'er wad doubted.

Now, now I hope we'll ding the *Dutch*,
As fine as a round *Robin*,
Gin greedineſs to grow ſoon rich
Invites not to ſtock-jobbing:
That poor boſs ſhade
Of ſinking trade,
And weather-glaſs politick,
Which heaves and ſets,
As publick gets
A heezy, or a wee kick.

19. Broom and Fin.) Two lochs on the weſtern ſeas, where plenty of herrings are taken.

22. A fiſhery.) The royal fiſhery; ſucceſs to which is the wiſh and hope of every good man.

Fy, fy! but yet I hope 'tis daft
To fear that trick come hither,
Na, we're aboon that dirty craft
Of biting ane anither.
The ſubject rich
Will gi' a hitch
T' increaſe the publick gear,
When on our ſeas,
Like biſy bees,
Ten thouſand fiſhers ſteer.

Could we catch the united ſhoals
That crowd the weſtern ocean,
The *Indies* wad prove hungry holes,
Compar'd to this our *Goſhen*:
Then let's to wark
With net and bark,
Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up;
Gin ſae we join,
We'll cleek in coin
Frae a' the ports of *Europe*.

Thanks t'ye, Captain, for this ſwatch
Of our ſtore, and your favour;
Gin I be ſpar'd, your love to match
Shall ſtill be my endeavour.
Next unto you,
My ſervice due
Pleaſe gi'e to *Matthew Cumin*,
Wha with fair heart
Has play'd his part,
And ſent them true and trim in.

67. Matthew Cumin,) Merchant in Glaſgow, and one of the late magiſtrates of that city.

PATIE *and* ROGER: *A* Paſtoral, *inſcribed to* JOSIAH BURCHET, *Eſq; Secretary of the Admiralty.*

THE nipping froſts and driving ſna
Are o're the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* ſleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'
Invites to ſing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muſe ſkiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy ſpeed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can p'ay
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath ſome tree
Exert thy ſkill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker ſight,
Set theſe rude ſonnets ſung by me
In trueſt light.

In trueſt light may a' that's fine
In his fair character ſtill ſhine,
Sma' need he has of ſangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to ſouthern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

11. To weaker ſight, ſet theſe, &c.) Having done me the honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral poems into Engliſh juſtly and elegantly.

His

His fame, which ever ſhall abide,
While hiſt'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the tide
T' invade theſe lands
Where *Britain*'s royal fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born *Britons* faught like men,
Their faes like ſlaves.

Sae far inſcribing, ſir, to you,
This country ſang my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that's good,
'Till unto langeſt life and mair
You've healthfu' ſtood.

May never care your bleſſings ſow'r,
And may the muſes ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bower:
I'm but a callan:
Yet may I pleaſe you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

21. Frae his pen.) His valuable naval hiſtory.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

BENEATH the ſouth ſide of a craigy bield,
Where a clear ſpring did healſome water yield,
Twa youthfou ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of *May:*
Poor *Roger* gran'd 'till hollow echoes rang,
While merry *Patie* humm'd himſel a ſang:
Then turning to his friend in blythſome mood,
Quoth he, how does this ſunſhine cheer my blood?
How heartſome is't to ſee the riſing plants?
To hear the birds chirm o'er their morning rants?
How toſie is't to ſnuff the cauller air,
And a' the ſweets it bears, when void of care?
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

ROGER.

I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips dire and great;
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood:
But I oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees ſhall loath the flower and quit the hive,
The ſaughs on boggy ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
E'er ſcornfou queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.

4. Poor Roger.) Yet the richeſt ſhepherd in his ſtores, but diſconſolate, whom

6. Merry Patie.) A chearful ſhepherd of leſs wealth endeavours to comfort.

ROGER.

ROGER.

Sae might I ſay; but it's nae eaſy done
By ane wha's ſaul is ſadly out o' tune:
You have ſae ſaft a voice, and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyn up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well ſhap'd as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſſie's eye:
For ilka ſheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane might think, come farer ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
Nor downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endur'd.
In winter laſt my cares were very ſma,
Tho' ſcores of wedders periſh'd in the ſna.

PATIE.

Were your bein rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſe, and leſs you wad repine:
He wha has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

42. Elf-ſhot.) Bewitch'd, ſhot by fairies: country people tell odd tales of this diſtemper amongſt cows. When elf-ſhot, the cow falls down ſuddenly dead, no part of the ſkin is pierced, but often a little triangular flat ſtone is found near the beaſt, as they report, which is called the elf's arrow.

ROGER.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of frequent loſs;
O may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair paughty wench,
Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,
'Till, birs'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I ſald them ilka cloot
At the *Weſt-Port*, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plumb-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whiſtle wi' a pleaſant ſound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you with a' your gear, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, *Patie*, na, I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some ither things ly heavier at my breaſt;
I dream'd a dreery dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

PATIE.

Now to your friend how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-ſeen love, and dorty *Jenny*'s pride.
Take courage, *Roger*, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

ROGER.

O *Patie*, ye have gueſt indeed o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;

56. Weſt-Port.) The ſheep-market-place of Edinburgh.
64. Fleſh a' creep.) A phraſe which expreſſes ſhuddering.
72. Keep up.) Hide or retain.

Me

Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon aſquint,
To ſpeak but 'till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco' blate;
But yeſterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhellycoat or kow:
She *Bauldy* loo's, *Bauldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell o' tar.

PATIE.

But *Bauldy* loo's nae her right well I wat,
He ſighs for *Neps*;—Sae that may ſtand for that.

ROGER.

I wiſh I cou'd na loo her,——but in vain,
I ſtill maun dote and thole her proud diſdain.
My *Bauty* is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he youl'd fair, ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad ha'e ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a cauldrife ſcorn:
Laſt time I play'd, ye never ſaw ſic ſpite,
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delyte,
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her nibour ſpeer'd
Gin ſhe cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

78. Shellycoat.) One of thoſe frightful ſpectres the ignorant people are terrified at, and tell us ſtrange ſtories of; that they are clothed with a coat of ſhells, which make a horrid rattling; that they'll be ſure to deſtroy one, if he gets not a running water between him and it: it dares not meddle with a woman with child, &c.

89. Stock and horn.) A reed or whiſtle, with a horn fix'd to it by the ſmaller end.

PATIE.

PATIE.

E'en do ſae, *Roger*, wha can help miſſuck,
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabet chuck;
Yonder's a craig, ſince ye have tint a' hope,
Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the lover's loup.

ROGER.

I need na make ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I'll warrand death come ſoon enough a will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that ſilly whindging way,
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Laſt morning I was unco' airly out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
I ſaw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee,
I ſaw my *Meg*, but *Meggie* ſaw na me:
For yet the ſun was wading throw the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.
Her coats were kilted, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs, which whiter were than ſnaw:
Her cockernony ſnooded up ſou ſleek,
Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek:
Her cheek ſae ruddy! and her een ſae clear!
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was in buſtin waſtecoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythſome I cry'd, my bonny *Meg* come here,
I fairly wherefore ye'er ſae ſoon a ſteer:
But now I gueſs ye'er gawn to gather dew.
She ſcour'd awa, and laid what's that to you?
Then fare ye well, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.

120. Soon a ſteer.) Soon ſtirring, or up.

I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack
With a right thieveleſs errand ſhe came back;
Miſcau'd me firſt,—then bade me hound my dog
To weer up three waſf ews were on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe, then wi' great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waſte;
About her yielding waſte, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowan mouth:
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came louping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe ſtete wi' me 'tween ilka ſmak,
But well I kend ſhe mean'd na as ſhe ſpak.
Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb:
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

ROGER.

Kind *Patie*, now fair faw your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae kedgie, and ha'e ſic an art
To hearten ane:——for now as clean's a leek
Ye've cheriſht me ſince ye began to ſpeak:
Sae for your pains I'll make you a propine,
My mither, honeſt wife, has made it fine;
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hauſlock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blue,
With ſpraings like gou'd and ſiller, croſs'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e ſae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

138. Never faſh your thumb.) Be not the leaſt vex'd, be eaſy.

143. Clean's a leek.) Perfectly clever and right.

147. Hauſlock woo.) A fine wool which is pull'd off the necks of ſheep before the knife be put in, this being ſo much gain'd without ſpoiling the ſale of the ſkin, is gather'd for ſuch an uſe.

152. Redd up.) Is a metaphorical phraſe from the putting in order, or winding up yarn that has been ravel'd.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Well, hadd ye there,--and ſince ye've frankly made
A preſent to me of your bra new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and ſhe too that's ſae nice,
Shall come a will, if you'll take my advice.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't,
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv't;
Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny ſpring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play or ſing.

PATIE.

But firſt we'll take a turn up to the hight,
And ſee gin a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks and a ſhave of cheeſe
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe our laird, gin he were but ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon meat wi' health inſtead of ſpice:
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t'ye like my ſell.

Edinburgh's *Salutation to the moſt Honourable my Lord Marqueſs of* Carnarvon.

WElcome, my lord, heav'n be your guide,
And furder your intention,

156. Come a will.) Come willingly, of her own accord, without conſtraint.

167. The grace-drink.) The King's health, begun firſt by the religious Margaret queen of Scots, known by the name of St. Margaret. The piety of her deſign was to oblige the courtiers not to riſe from table till the thankſgiving grace was ſaid, well judging, that tho' ſome folks have little regard for religion, yet they will be mannerly to their prince.

Marqueſs of Carnarvon.) Eldeſt ſon to his grace the duke of Chandois, who in May 1720 was at Edinburgh, in his tour through Scotland.

To

To what e'er place you ſail or ride,
To brighten your invention,
The book of mankind lang and wide,
Is well worth your attention;
Wherefore pleaſe ſome time here abide,
And meaſure the dimenſion
Of minds right ſtout.

O that ilk worthy *Britiſh* peer
Wad follow your example,
My auld grey-head I yet wad rear,
And ſpread my ſkirts mair ample.
Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the gear,
She might ſpare me a ſample:
In trouth his highneſs ſhou'd live here;
For without oyl our lamp will
Gang blinkan out.

Lang ſyne, my lord, I had a court,
And nobles fill'd my cawſy;
But ſince I have been fortune's ſport,
I look nae haff ſae gawſy.
Yet here brave gentlemen reſort,
And mony a handſome laſſy:
Now that you're lodg'd within my port,
Fow well I wat they'll a' ſay,
Welcome, my lord.

For you my beſt chear I'll produce,
I'll no make muckle vaunting;
But routh for pleaſure and for uſe,
Whatever you be wanting,

12. Shou'd London.) Edinburgh too juſtly complains that the north of Britain is ſo remote from the court, and ſo rarely enjoys the influence of Britiſh ſtars of the firſt magnitude.

You's have at will to chap and chuſe;
For few things am I ſcant in;
The wale of well-ſet ruby juice,
When you like to be rantin,
I can afford.

Than I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,
Nor *Rome*, I trow's mair able
To buſk you up a better bed,
Or trim a tighter table.
My ſons are honourably bred,
To truth and friendſhip ſtable:
What my detracting faes have ſaid,
You'll find a feigned fable,
At the firſt ſight.

May claſſic lear and letters belle,
And travelling conſpire,
Ilk unjuſt notion to repell,
And god-like thoughts inſpire;
That in ilk action wiſe and ſnell
You may ſhaw manly fire:
Sae the fair picture of himſell,
Will give his grace your ſire
Immenſe delight.

31. The wale of well-ſet, &c.] The moſt choice of fine clear claret.

38. What my detracting faes.) Theſe who from a malicious low prejudice (only the ſcum indeed of our neighbours) have falſly reproached us with being rude, unhoſpitable and falſe.

WEALTH,

WEALTH, *or the* WOODY. *A Poem on the* South-Sea. *Wrote* June 1720.

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus,—— HOR.

Daring and unco' ſtout he was,
With heart hool'd in three ſloughs of braſs,
Wha ventur'd firſt upon the ſea
With hempen branks, and horſe of tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this iſle,
Deſcend, and glad the nation with a ſmile;
See frae yon bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,
How ſand-blind chance woodies and wealth beſtows:
Aided by thee, I'll ſail the wond'rous deep,
And throw the crowded alleys cautious creep.
Not eaſy taſk to plough the ſwelling wave,
Or in ſtock-jobbing preſs my guts to ſave:
But naething can our wilder paſſions tame,
Wha rax for riches or immortal fame.

Long had the grumblers us'd this murm'ring ſound,
Poor Britain *in her publick debt is drown'd!*
At fifty millions late we ſtarted a',
And wow we wonder'd how the debt wad ſa';
But ſonſy ſauls wha firſt contriv'd the way,
With project deep our charges to defray;
O'er and aboon it heaps of treaſure brings,
That ſouk be gueſs become as rich as kings.

1. Thalia ever welcome.) Thalia the chearful muſe that delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and produces the laughing comedy.——That kind of poetry ever acceptable to Britons.

Lang heads they were that firſt laid down the plan,
Into the which the round anes headlang ran,
'Till overſtock'd, they quat the ſea, and fain wa'd been at land.
Thus when braid flakes of ſnaw have clade the green,
Aften I have young ſportive gilpies ſeen,
The waxing ba' with meikle pleaſure row,
'Till paſt their pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'Tis ſtrange to think what changes may appear
Within the narrow circle of a year.
How can ae project, if it be well laid,
Supply the ſimple want of trifling trade!
Saxty lang years a man may rack his brain,
Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain,
And die at laſt in debt, inſtead of gain.
But O, South-Sea! what mortal mind can run
Throw a' the miracles that thou haſt done?
Nor ſcrimply thou thy ſell to bounds confines,
But like the ſun on ilka party ſhines.
To poor and rich, the fools as well as wiſe,
With hand impartial ſtretches out the prize.

Like *Nilus* ſwelling frae his unkend head,
Frae brank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead,

21. Fain wad be at land.) Land, in the time of this golden two or three months, was ſold at 45, or 50 years purchaſe.

29. Trifling trade.) All manner of traffick and mechanicks was at that time deſpiſed. Subſcriptions and transfers were the only commodities.

39. Like Nilus.) A river which croſſes a great part of Africa; the ſpring-head thereof unknown 'till of late. In the month of June it ſwells and overflows Egypt. When it riſes too high, the inundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine. In this river are the monſtrous amphibious animals named Crocodiles, of the ſame ſpecie with the late Alligators of the Sea-Sea, which make a prey of, and devour all human creatures they can lay hold on.

Inſtilling

Inſtilling lib'ral ſtore of genial ſap,
Whence ſun-burn'd gypſies reap a plenteous crap:
Thus flows our ſea, but with this diff'rence wide,
But anes a year their river heaves his tide;
Ours aft ilk day, t' enrich the common weal,
Bangs o'er its banks, and dings *Egyptian Nile*.

Ye rich and wiſe, we own ſucceſs your due,
But your reverſe their luck with wonder view.
How without thought theſe dawted petts of fate
Have jobb'd themſelves into ſae high a ſtate,
By pure inſtinct ſae leal the mark have hit,
Without the uſe of either fear or wit.
And ithers wha laſt years their garrets kept,
Where duns in viſion faſh'd them while they ſlept;
Wha only durſt in twilight or the dark,
Steal to a common cook's with haff a mark,
A' their hale ſtock.——Now by a kanny gale,
In the o'erflowing ocean ſpread their ſail,
While they in gilded galleys cut the tide,
Look down on fiſher-boats wi' meikle pride.

Mean time the thinkers wha are out of play,
For their ain comfort kenna what to ſay;
That the foundation's looſe fain wa'd they ſhaw,
And think na but the fabrick ſoon will fa'.

48. Your reverſe.) Poor fools.

52. Of either fear or wit.) One was reckoned a timorous thinking fool, who took advice of his reaſon in the grand affair.

60. Look down on fiſher-boats.) Deſpiſed the virtuous deſign of propagating and carrying on a fiſhery, which can never fail to be a real benefit to Britain.

61. The thinkers.) Many of juſt thinking at that time were vex'd to ſee themſelves trudging on foot, when ſome others of very indifferent capacities were ſetting up gilded equipages; and notwithſtanding of all the doubts they formed againſt it, yet fretted becauſe they were not ſo lucky as to have ſome ſhares.

That's a' but ſham—for inwardly they fry,
Vext that their fingers were na in the pye.
Faint-hearted wights, wha dully ſtood afar,
Tholling your reaſon great attempts to mar;
While the brave dauntleſs, of ſic fetters free,
Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden ſea:
Where now, like gods, they rule each wealthy jaw,
While you may thump your pows againſt the wa'.

On ſummer's e'en the welkin cawm and fair,
When little midges friſk in lazy air,
Have ye not ſeen thro' ither how they reel,
And time about how up and down they wheel?
Thus eddies of ſtock-jobbers drive about;
Upmoſt to day, the morn their pipe's put out
With penſive face, when e'er the market's hy,
Minutius crys, ah! what a gowk was I.
Some friend of his, wha wiſely ſeems to ken
Events of cauſes mair than ither men,
Puſh for your intereſt yet, nae fear, he crys,
For South Sea will to twice ten hunder riſe.
Waes me for him that ſells paternal land,
And buys when ſhares the higheſt ſums demand:
He ne'er ſhall taſte the ſweets of riſing ſtock,
Which faws neiſt day: nae help for't, he is broke.

Dear ſea, be tenty how thou flows at ſhams
Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy dams,

70. Jumpt headlong.) Threw off all the fetters of reaſon, and plunged glorioufly into confuſion.

81. Wha wiſely.) With grave faces many at that time pretended they could demonſtrate this hoped-for riſe of South-ſea.

90. Hogland gad'rens.) The Dutch, whom a learned author of a late eſſay has endeavoured to prove to be deſcended after a ſtrange manner from the Gaderens; which eſſay Lewis the XIV. was mightily pleaſed with, and bounteouſly rewarded the author.

Leſt

Leſt in their muddy boggs thou chance to ſink,
Where thou may'ſt ſtagnate, ſyne of courſe maun ſtink.

This I foreſee, (and time ſhall prove I'm right;
For he's nae poet wants the ſecond ſight,)
When autumn's ſtores are ruck'd up in the yard,
And ſleet and ſnaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard;
When bleak *November* winds make foreſts bare,
And with ſplenetick vapours fill the air:
Then, then in gardens, parks, or ſilent glen,
When trees baer naething elſe, they'll carry men,
Wha ſhall like paughty *Romans* greatly ſwing
Aboon earth's diſappointments in a ſtring.
Sae ends the towring ſaul that downa ſee
A man move in a higher ſphere than he.

Happy that man wha has thrawn up a main,
Which makes ſome hundred thouſands a' his ain,
And comes to anchor on ſae firm a rock,
Britannia's credit, and the South-Sea ſtock.
Ilk blythſome pleaſure waits upon his nod,
And his dependants eye him like a god.
Cloſs may he bend *Champain* frae e'en to morn,
And look on cells of tippony with ſcorn.
Thrice lucky pimps, or ſmug-fac'd wanton fair,
That can in a' his wealth and pleaſure ſkair.
Like *Jove* he ſits, like *Jove*, high heaven's goodman,
While the inferior gods about him ſtand,
'Till he permits with condeſcending grace,
That ilka ane in order take their place.
Thus with attentive look mensfow they ſit,
'Till he ſpeak firſt, and ſhaw ſome ſhining wit;
Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw,
As well they may, he gars their beards wag a'.

122. Their beards wag a'.) Feaſts them at his own proper coſt; hence the proverb, 'Tis fair in ha', where beards wag a'.

Imperial gowd, what is't thou canna grant?
Poſſeſt of thee, what is't a man needs want?
Commanding coin, there's nathing hard to thee,
I canna gueſs how rich fowk come to die.

Unhappy wretch, link'd to the threed-bare nine,
The dazzling equipage can ne'er be thine:
Deſtin'd to toil thro' labyrinths of verſe,
Dar'ſt ſpeak of great ſtock-jobbing as a farce.
Poor thoughtleſs mortal, vain of airy dreams,
The flying horſe, and bright *Apollo*'s beams,
And *Helicon*'s werſh well thou ca's divine,
Are nathing like a miſtreſs, coach and wine.

Wad ſome good patron (whaſe ſuperior ſkill
Can make the South-Sea ebb and flow at will,)
Put in a ſtock for me, I own it fair,
In epic ſtrain I'd pay him to a hair;
Immortalize him, and what e'er he loves,
In flowing numbers I ſhall ſing, *approves*;
If not, fox like, I'll thraw my gab, and gloom,
And ca' your hundred thouſand a *four plum*.

The Proſpect of Plenty: *A* Poem *on the* NORTH-SEA FISHERY, *inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Royal Burrows of* SCOTLAND.

——Βαιῷ δε πόνῳ μεγα κερδος ὑπηδεῖ.
Opian. Halieutic. lib. III.

THALIA anes again in blythſome lays,
In lays immortal chant the North-ſea's praiſe.

142. A four plum.) The fox in the fable that deſpiſed the plumbs he could not reach, is well known. 100,000 pounds being called a plumb, make this a right pun; and ſome puns deſerve not to be claſs'd amongſt low wit, tho' the generality of them do.

Tent

Tent how the *Caledonians* lang ſupine,
Begin, mair wiſe, to open baith their een;
And, as they ought, t'employ that ſtore which heav'n
In ſic abundance to their hands has given.
Sae heedleſs heir, born to a lairdſhip wide,
That yields mair plenty than he kens to guide;
Not well acquainted with his ain good luck,
Lets ilka ſneaking fellow take a pluck;
'Till at the lang-run, wi' a heart right ſair,
He ſees the bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae nation in the warld can parallel
The plenteous product of this happy iſle:
But paſt'ral heights, and ſweet prolifick plains,
That can at will command the ſafteſt ſtrains,
Stand yont; for *Amphitrite* claims our ſang,
Wha round fair *Thule* drives her ſinny thrang,
O'er ſhaws of coral, and the pearly ſands,
To *Scotia*'s ſmootheſt lochs and chriſtal ſtrands.
There keeps the tyrant pike his awfu' court,
Here trouts and ſalmond in clear channels ſport.
Wae to that hand, that dares by day or night
Defile the ſtream where ſporting fries delight.
But herrings, lovely fiſh, like beſt to play
In rowan-ocean, or the open bay:
In crowds amazing thro' the waves they ſhine,
Millions on millions form ilk equal line:
Nor dares th' imperial whale, unleſs by ſtealth,
Attack their firm united common-wealth.

19. Amphitrite.) The wife of Neptune.

20. Thule.) The northern iſlands of Scotland are allow'd by all to be the Thule of the antients.

25. Wae to that hand, &c.) There are acts of parliament, which ſeverely prohibit ſteeping of lint, or any other way defiling theſe clear rivers where ſalmond abound.

But

But artfu' nets, and fishers' wylie skill,
Can bring the scaly nations to their will.
When these retire to caverns of the deep,
Or in their oozy beds thro' winter sleep,
Then shall the tempting bait, and tented string,
Beguile the cod, the sea-cat, tusk, and ling.
Thus may our fishery thro' a' the year
Be still employ'd, t' increase the publick gear.

Delytfou' labour, where the industrious gains
Frae surmounting ten times a' his pains.
Nae pleasure like success; then lads stand be,
Ye'll find it endless in the *Northern-Sea*.
O'er lang with empty brag we have been vain
Of toom dominion on the plenteous main,
While others ran away with a' the gain.
Thus proud *Iberia* vaunts of sov'reign sway
O'er countries rich, frae rise to set of day;
She grasps the shadow, but the substance tines,
While a' the rest of *Europe* milk her mines.

But dawns the day sets *Britain* on her feet,
Lang look'd for's come at last, and welcome be't:
For numerous fleets shall hem *Ebudan* rocks,
Commanding seas, with rowth to raise our stocks.
Nor can this be a toom chimera found,
The fabrick's bigget on the surest ground.
Sma is our need to toil on foreign shores,
When we have baith the *Indies* at our doors.
Yet, for diversion, laden vessels may
To far aff nations cut the liquid way;
And fraught frae ilka port what's nice or braw,
While for their trifles we maintain them a'.

48. Iberia.) Spain.
54. Ebudan rocks.) The Lews, and other western islands.

Goths,

Goths, *Vandals*, *Gauls*, *Hesperians*, and the *Moors*,
Shall a' be treated frae our happy shores:
The rantin *Germans*, *Russians*, and the *Poles*,
Shall feast with pleasure on our gusty sholes:
For which deep in their treasures we shall dive:
Thus, by fair trading, North-sea stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny prospect gave delight,
The warm ideas gart the muse take flight:
When straight a grumbletonian appears,
Peghing fou sair beneath a lade of fears:
'Wow! that's braw news, *quoth he*, to make fools
'fain,
'But gin ye be nae warluck, how d'ye ken?
'Does *Tam* the *Rhimer* spae oughtlins of this?
'Or do ye prophesy just as ye wish?
'Will projects thrive in this abandon'd place?
'Unsonsy we had ne'er sae meikle grace.
'I fear, I fear, your tow'ring aim sa short,
'Alake we winn o'er far frae king and court?
'The *Southerns* will with pith your project bauk,
'They'll never thole this great design to tak'.

Thus do the dubious ever countermine,
With party wrangle, ilka fair design.
How can a saul that has the use of thought,
Be to sic little creeping fancies brought?
Will *Britain*'s king or parliament gainstand
The universal profit of the land?
Now when nae sep'rate interest cags to strife,
The antient nations join'd like man and wife,
Maun study closs for peace and thriving's sake,
Aff a' the wissen'd leaves of spite to shake:

76. Tam the rhimer.) Thomas Learmond, alias the rhimer, lived in the reign of Alexander III. king of Scots, and is held in great esteem by the vulgar for his dark predictions.

Let's weave and fiſh to ane anither's hands,
And never mind wha ſerves or wha commands;
But baith alike conſult the common weal,
Happy that moment friendſhip makes us leal
To truth and right,—then ſprings a ſhining day,
Shall clouds of ſma' miſtakes drive faſt away.
Miſtakes and private int'reſt hence be gane,
Mind what ye did on dire *Pharſalia*'s plain,
Where doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* ſlain.

A meaner phantom neiſt, with meikle dread,
Attacks with ſenſeleſs fears the weaker head.
'The *Dutch*, ſay they, will ſtrive your plot to ſtap,
'They'll toom their banks before you reap their crap:
'Lang have they ply'd that trade like buſy bees,
'And ſuck'd the profit of the *Pictland* ſeas,
'Thence riches fiſh'd mair by themſelves confeſt,
'Than e'er they made by *India*'s eaſt and weſt.'

O mighty fine, and greatly was it ſpoke!
Maun bauld *Britannia* bear *Batavia*'s yoke?
May ſhe not open her ain pantry-door,
For fear the paughty ſtate ſhou'd gi'e a roar?
Dare ſhe nane of her herrings ſel or prive,
Afore ſhe ſay, dear *Mathie* wi' ye'r leave?
Curſe on the wight wha thoſes a thought ſae tame,
He merits not the manly *Britan*'s name.
Grant they're good allies, yet it's hardly wiſe,
To buy their friendſhip at ſae high a price,
But frae that airth we needna fear great ſkaith,
Theſe people, right auldfaran, will be laith
To thwart a nation, wha with eaſe can draw
Up ilka ſluice they have, and drown them a'.

Ah

Ah ſlothfu' pride! a kingdom's greateſt curſe,
How dowf looks gentry with an empty purſe?
How worthleſs is a poor and haughty drone,
Wha thowleſs ſtands a lazy looker-on?
While active ſauls a ſtagnant life deſpiſe,
Still raviſh'd with new pleaſures as they riſe.
O'er lang, in troth, have we by-ſtanders been,
And loot fowk lick the white out of our een:
Nor can we wyt them, ſince they had our vote;
But now they'ſe get the wiſtle of their groat.

Here did the muſe intend a while to reſt,
'Till hame o'er ſpitefu' din her lugs oppreſt;
Anither ſett of the envyfou kind
(With narrow notions horridly confin'd)
Wag their boſs noddles; ſyne with filly ſpite
Land ilka worthy project in a bite,
They force with aukward girn their ridicule,
And ca' ilk ane concern'd a ſimple fool,
Excepting ſome, wha a' the leave will nick,
And gi'e them nought but bare whop-ſhafts to lick.
Malicious envy! root of a' debates,
The plague of government and bane of ſtates;
The nurſe of poſitive deſtructive ſtriſe,
Fair friendſhip's fae, which ſow'rs the ſweets of life;
Promoter of ſedition and baſe fead,
Still overjoy'd to ſee a nation bleed.
Stap, ſtap, my laſs, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
If ye rin on, heav'n kens where ye may land;
Turn to your fiſhers ſang, and let fowk ken
The north-ſea ſkippers are leal-hearted men,

132. And loot fowk lick, &c.) This phraſe is always applied when people with pretence of friendſhip, do you an ill turn, as one licking a mote out of your eye makes it bloodſhot.

151. Laſs.) The muſe.

154. North-ſea Skippers.) The managers.

Vers'd

Vers'd in the critick ſeaſons of the year,
When to ilk bay the fiſhing-buſh ſhould ſteer;
There to hawl up with joy the plenteous fry,
Which on the decks in ſhining heaps ſhall ly;
'Till carefou hands, even while they've vital heat,
Shall be employ'd to ſave their juices ſweet:
Strick tent they'll tak to ſtow them wi' ſtrang brine,
In barrels tight, that ſhall nae liquor tine;
Then in the foreign markets we ſhall ſtand
With upright front, and the firſt ſale demand.
This, this our faithfou truſtees have in view,
And honourably will the taſk purſue:
Nor are they bigging caſtles in a cloud,
Their ſhips already into action ſcud.

Now, dear ill-natur'd billies, ſae nae mair,
But leave the matter to their prudent care:
They're men of candor, and right well they wate
That truth and honeſty hads lang the gate:
Shouder to ſhouder let's ſtand firm and ſtout,
And there's nae fear but we'll ſoon make it out;
We've reaſon, law, and nature on our ſide,
And have nae bars, but party, ſlowth, and pride.

When a's in order, as it ſoon will be,
And fleets of buſhes fill the Northern-ſea,
What hopefou' images with joy ariſe,
In order rang'd before the muſe's eyes?
A wood of maſts, well mann'd—their jovial din,
Like eydent bees gawn out and coming in.

159. Vital heat.) 'Tis a vaſt advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.

161. Strang brine.) Foreign ſalt.

168. Into action ſcud.) Several large ſhips are already employ'd, and took in their ſalt and barrels a month ago.

172. Hads lang the gate.) Holds long up its head, longeſt keeps the high way or gate.

Here

Here haff a nation, healthfou, wiſe, and ſtark,
With ſpirits only tint for want of wark,
Shall now find place their genius to exert,
While in the common good they act their part.
Theſe, fit for ſervitude, ſhall bear a hand,
And theſe find government form'd for command.
Beſides, this as a nurſery ſhall breed
Stout ſkill'd marines, when *Britain*'s navies need.
Pleas'd with their labour, when their taſk is done,
They'll leave green *Thetis* to embrace the ſun:
Then freſheſt fiſh ſhall on the brander bleez,
And lend the biſy browſter-wife a heez:
While healthfou hearts ſhall own their honeſt flame,
With reaming quaff, and whomelt to her name,
Whaſe active motion to his heart did reach,
As ſhe the cods was turning on the beech.
Curs'd poortith, Love and *Hymen*'s deadly fae,
(That gars young fowk in prime cry aft, *Oh hey*,
And ſingle live, 'till age and runkles ſhaw
Their canker'd ſpirit's good for nought at a';)
Now flit your camp, far frae our confines ſcour,
Our lads and laſſes ſoon ſhall ſlight your power;
For rowth ſhall cheriſh love, and love ſhall bring
Mae men t' improve the ſoil and ſerve the king.
Thus univerſal plenty ſhall produce
Strength to the ſtate, and arts for joy and uſe.

O Plenty, thou delyt of great and ſma,
Thou nervous ſinnow of baith war and law:
The ſtateſman's drift, ſpur to the artiſt's ſkill,
Nor does the very *flamens* like thee ill;

198. The beech.) The beech is a number of big ſtones, where they dry the cod and ling.
212. Flamens.) Prieſts.

The

The ſhabby poet hate thee! that's a lee,
Or elſe they are nae of a mind wi' me.

Plenty ſhall cultivate ilk ſcawp and moor,
Now lee and bare, becauſe the landlord's poor,
On ſcroggy braes ſhall akes and aſhes grow,
And bonny gardens clead the brecken how.
Does others backward dam the raging main,[219]
Raiſing on barren ſands a flowry plain?
By us then ſhou'd the thought o't be endur'd,
To let braid tracts of land ly unmanur'd?
Uncultivate nae mair they ſhall appear,
But ſhine with a' the beauties of the year;
Which ſtart with eaſe frae the obedient ſoil,
And ten times o'er reward a little toil.

Alang wild ſhores, where tumbling billows break,
Pleniſht with nought but ſhells and tangle-wreck,
Braw towns ſhall riſe, with ſteeples mony a ane,
And houſes bigget a' with eſtler ſtane:
Where ſchools polite ſhall lib'ral arts diſplay,
And make auld barb'rous darkneſs fly away.

Now *Nereus* riſing frae his watry bed,
The pearly drops hap down his lyart head;
Oceanus with pleaſure hears him ſing,
Tritons and *Nereids* form a jovial ring;
And dancing on the deep, attention draw,
While a' the winds in love, but ſighing, blaw.
The ſea-born prophet ſang in ſweeteſt ſtrain,
'*Britons* be blyth, fair queen of iſles be fain;
'A richer people never ſaw the ſun:
'Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun;

219. The raging main.) The Dutch have gained a great deal from the ſea.

'Spread

'Spread a' your ſails and ſtreamers in the wind,
'For ilka power in ſea and air's your friend;
'Great *Neptune*'s unexhauſted bank has ſtore
'Of endleſs wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.'
He ſang ſae loud, round rocks the ecchos flew,
'Tis true, he ſaid; they are return'd, 'tis true.

September 1720.

SCOTS SONGS.

Spoken to Mrs. N.

A Poem wrote without a thought,
By notes may to a ſong be brought,
Tho' wit be ſcarce, low the deſign,
And numbers lame in ev'ry line:
But when fair *Chriſty* this ſhall ſing
In conſort with the trembling ſtring,
O then the poet's often prais'd,
For charms ſo ſweet a voice hath rais'd.

MARY SCOT.

HAppy's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee mark'd for my marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow?*

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare,
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile;
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of *Yarrow.*

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh;
She is too good to let me languiſh;
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe on *Yarrow.*

O'er BOGIE.

I Will awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie *wi' her.*
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae,
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's miſtreſs of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part,
For ſiller or for land.

Let rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty*'s bonny face.
I will awa, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine
Of colour, treats and air,
The ſaul that ſparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives ſhining life
To a' her other charms,
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my wife,
And lockt up in my arms.
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her ſweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble ſervant king,
Shamefa' them that wa'd change
A kiſs of *Betty* and a ſmile,
Abeet ye wa'd lay down
The right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s iſle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the moor to *Maggy*,
Her wit and ſweetneſs call me,
Then to my fair I'll ſhow my mind,
Whatever may befal me:
If ſhe love mirth, I'll learn to ſing;
Or likes the nine to follow,

I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* ſpring,
And invocate *Apollo.*

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
I'll ſheath my limbs in armour;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt airs I'll charm her:
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
Where wit is correſponding,
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny *Maggy*'s love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn
Which in my boſom bleezes.

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THO' for ſeven years and mair honour ſhou'd reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my ſpirit thy ſweets are indented,
And love ſhall preſerve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt believe me.

NELLY.

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous, when e'er ye diſcover
My ſentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe rover;
And nought i' the warld wa'd vex my heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never ſic fancies oppreſs ye,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly careſs ye;
Your blooming ſaft beauties firſt beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt believe me.

NELLY.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your miſtreſs, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fa'ſe, to ye'r ſel be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my reſt night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gauds on the ſtudy,
And fair ſimmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never 'till that time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

POLWART *on the Green.*

AT Polwart *on the green*
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do conveen
To dance about the thorn;
A kindly welcome ye ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind
That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,
Among the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN

JOHN HAY's *Bonny Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger,
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be e'er we part my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and ſing bidding day a good-morrow.
The ſward of the mead enamel'd with daiſies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is *Hay*'s bonny laſſie.

Genty TIBBY *and ſonſy* NELLY.

To the Tune of TIBBY FOWLER *in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a ſtore of charms,
Her genty ſhape our fancy warms,
How ſtarkly can her ſma' white arms
Fetter the lad wha looks but at her;

Fra ancle to her ſlender waſte,
  Theſe ſweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her roſie cheek and riſing breaſt,
  Gar ane's mouth guſh bowt fou' o' water.

Nelly's gawſy, ſaft and gay,
Freſh as the lucken flowers in *May*,
Ilk ane that ſees her cries, *Ah hey!*
  She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
  And limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her,
Her lips ſae ſweet, and ſkin ſae ſleek,
  Gar mony mouths beſide mine water.

Now ſtrike my finger in a bore,
My wyſon with the maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for
  When theſe twa ſtars appear thegether.
O love! why doſt thou gi'e thy fires
  Sae large? while we're oblig'd to nither
Our ſpacious ſauls immenſe deſires,
  And ay be in a hankerin ſwither.

Tibby's ſhape and airs are fine,
And *Nelly*'s beauties are divine;
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
  Ye gods give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
  But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
  In proſpect *plano* and fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the ſun's gane out o' ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light:
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to *France*,
Up in the air
On my bonny grey mare.
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, *&c.*

The wind's drifting hail and ſna'
O'er frozen hags like a foot ba',
Nae ſtarns keek throw the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit,
The man i' the moon
Is carowſing aboon,
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet.
The man, *&c.*

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the *Elixir* hales the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire,
Up in the air,
It drives away care,
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet,
Up in, *&c.*

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt,
Come, *Willy*, gi'es about ye'r toſt,
Til't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſom bowt,
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet,
Up wi't, *&c.*

The Riſe and Fall of STOCKS, 1720.

An Epiſtle to the Right Honourable my Lord RAMSAY, *now in* PARIS.

Your pettifoggers damn their ſouls!
To ſhare with knaves in cheating fools;
And merchants vent'ring on the main
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.

HUDIBRAS.

My LORD,

WIthoutten preface or preamble,
My fancy being on the ramble;
Tranſported with an honeſt paſſion,
Viewing our poor bambouzl'd nation,
Biting her nails, her knuckles wringing,
Her cheek ſae blae, her lip ſae hinging;
Grief and vexation's like to kill her,
For tyning baith her tick and filler.

Allow me, then, to make a comment
On this affair of greateſt moment,
Which has fa'n out, my lord, ſince ye
Left *Lothian* and the *Edge-well* tree:
And, with your leave, I needna ſtickle
To ſay we're in a ſorry pickle,

12. Edge-well tree.) An oak-tree which grows on the ſide of a fine ſpring, nigh the caſtle of Dalhouſie, very much obſerved by the country people, who give out, that before any of the family died, a branch fell from the Edge-well tree. The old tree ſome few years ago fell altogether; but another ſprung from the ſame root, which is now tall and flouriſhing, and lang be't ſae.

Since

Since poortith o'er ilk head does hover
Frae *John a Groat*'s house, south to *Dover*.
Sair have we pelted been with stocks,
Casting our credit at the cocks,
Lang guilty of the highest treason
Against the government of reason;
We madly at our ain expences,
Stock-job'd away our cash and senses.

As little bairns frae winnocks by
Drap down saip bells to waiting fry,
Wha run and wrestle for the prize,
With face erect and watchfou' eyes;
The lad wha gleggest waits upon it,
Receives the bubble on his bonnet,
Views with delight the shining beau-thing,
Which in a twinkling bursts to nothing.
Sae *Britain* brought on a' her troubles,
By running daftly after bubbles.

Impos'd on by langnebit juglers,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating smuglers,
Wha set their gowden girns sae wylie,
Tho' ne'er sae cautious they'd beguile ye.
The covetous infatuation
Was smittle out o'er all the nation;
Clergy and lawyers and physicians,
Mechanicks, merchants, and musicians;
Baith sexes of a' sorts and sizes
Drap'd ilk design, and jobb'd for prizes.
Frae noblemen to livery varlets,
Frae topping toasts to hackney harlots.
Poetick dealers were but scarce,
Less browden still on cash than verse;

26. John a Groat's house.) The northmost house in Scotland.

Only

Only ae bard to coach did mount,
By ſinging praiſe to Sir *John Blount*;
But ſince his mighty patron fell,
He looks juſt like *Jock Blunt* himſel.

Some lords and lairds ſell'd riggs and caſtles,
And play'd them aff with tricky raſcals,
Wha now with routh of riches vapour,
While their late honours live on paper.
But ah! the difference 'twixt good land,
And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.

Thus *Europeans Indians* riſle,
And give them for their gowd ſome triſle;
As deugs of velvet, chips of chriſtal,
A facon's bell, or baubie whiſtle.

Merchants and bankers heads gade wrang,
They thought to millions they might ſpang;
Deſpis'd the virtuous road to gain,
And look'd on little bills with pain:
The well-win thouſands of ſome years,
In ae big bargain diſappears.
'Tis ſair to bide, but wha can help it,
Inſtead of coach, on foot they ſkelp it.

The ten *per Cents* wha durſtna venture,
But lent great ſums upon indenture,
To billies wha as frankly war'd it,
As they out of their guts had ſpar'd it,
When craving money they have lent,
They're anſwer'd, *item*, A' is ſpent.

47. Only ae bard, &c.) Vide Dick Francklin's epiſtle.

50. He looks juſt like Jock Blunt.) This is commonly ſaid of a perſon who is out of countenance at a diſappointment.

The

The miſer hears him with a gloom,
Girns like a brock and bites his thumb,
Syne ſhores to grip him by the wyſon,
And keep him a' his days in priſon.
Sae may ye do, replies the debter,
But that can never mend the matter:
As ſoon can I mount *Charle-wain*,
As pay ye back your gear again.
Poor mouldy rins quite by himſel,
And bans like ane broke looſe frae hell.
It lulls a wee my mullygrubs,
To think upon theſe bitten ſcrubs,
When naething ſaves their vital low,
But the expences of a tow.

Thus children aft with carefu' hands,
In ſummer dam up little ſtrands,
Collect the drizel to a pool,
In which their glowing limbs they cool;
'Till by comes ſome ill-deedy gift,
Wha in the bulwark makes a rift,
And with ae ſtrake in ruins lays,
The work of uſe, art, care and days.

Even handy-crafts-men too turn'd ſaucy,
And maun be coaching't thro' the cauſy;
Syne ſtroot fou paughty in the alley,
Transferring thouſands with ſome valley:
Grow rich in fancy, treat their whore,
Nor mind they were, or ſhall be poor.
Like little *Joves* they treat the fair,
With gowd frae banks built in the air;

83. By himſel.) Mad, out of his wits.
93. Ill-deedy gift.) A roguiſh boy, who is ſeldom without doing a bad action.

For

For which their *Danaes* lift the lap,
And compliment them with a clap,
Which by aft jobbing grows a pox,
'Till brigs of noſes ſa' with ſtocks.

Here coachmen, grooms, or paſment trotter,
Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to ſnoter:
Like a ſhot ſtarn, that thro' the air
Skyts eaſt or weſt with unko glare,
But found neiſt day on hillock ſide,
Nae better ſeems nor paddock ride.

Some reverend brethren left their flocks,
And ſank their ſtipends in the ſtocks;
But tining baith, like *Æſop*'s colly,
O'er late they now lament their folly.

For three warm months, *May*, *June*, and *July*,
There was odd ſcrambling for the ſpulzy;
And mony a ane, 'till he grew tyr'd,
Gather'd what gear his heart deſir'd.
We thought that dealer's ſtock an ill ane,
That was not wordy haf a million.
O had this golden age but laſted,
And no ſae ſoon been broke and blaſted,
There is a perſon well I ken
Might wi' the beſt gane right far ben;
His project better had ſucceeded,
And far leſs labour had he needed:
But 'tis a daffin to debate,
And aurgle-bargle with our fate.

105. Danaes.) Danae, the daughter of Acriſius, king of Argos, to whom Jupiter deſcended in a ſhower of gold.

127. A perſon, &c.) Meaning myſelf, with regard to my printing this volume by ſubſcription.

Well,

Well, had this gowden age but laſted,
And not ſo ſoon been broke and blaſted,
O woy, my lord, theſe had been days
Which might have claim'd your poet's lays;
But ſoon alake! the mighty *Dagon*
Was ſeen to fa' without a rag on.
In harveſt was a dreadfu' thunder,
Which gart a' *Britain* glowr and wonder;
The phizzing bowt came with a blatter,
And dry'd our great ſea to a gutter.

But mony fowk with wonder ſpeir,
What can become of a' the gear?
For a' the country is repining,
And ilka ane complains of tining.
Plain anſwer I had beſt let be,
And tell ye juſt a ſimilie.

Like *Belzie* when he nicks a witch,
Wha ſells her ſaul ſhe may be rich;
He finding this the bait to damn her,
Caſts o'er her een his cheating glamour:
She ſigns and ſeals, and he affords
Her heaps of viſionary hoords;
But when ſhe comes to count the cunzie,
'Tis a' ſklate-ſtanes inſtead of money.

Thus we've been trick'd with braw projectors,
And faithfu' managing directors,
Wha for our caſh, the ſaul of trade,
Bonny propines of paper made;
On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vaniſht into air.

When

When *South-Sea* tyde was at a hight,
My fancy took a daring flight,
Thalia, lovely muſe, inſpired
My breaſt, and me with fore-ſight fir'd;
Rapt into future months, I ſa'
The rich aerial *Babel* fa',
'Yond ſeas I ſaw the upſtarts drifting,
Leaving their coaches for the lifting.
Theſe houſes fit for wights gane mad,
I ſaw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;
While little ſauls ſunk with deſpair,
Implor'd cauld death to end their care.
But now a ſweeter ſcene I view,
Time has, and time ſhall prove I'm true;
For fair *Aſtrea* moves frae heav'n,
And ſhortly ſhall make a' odds ev'n.
The honeſt man ſhall be regarded,
And villains as they ought rewarded.
The ſetting moon and roſie dawn
Beſpeak a ſhining day at hand;
A glorious ſun ſhall ſoon ariſe,
To brighten up *Britannia*'s ſkies.
Our king and ſenate ſhall engage
To drive the vultures off the ſtage:
Trade then ſhall flouriſh, and ilk art,
A lively vigour ſhall impart
To credit languiſhing and famiſht,
And *Lomba d-ſtreet* ſhall be repleniſht.
Got ſafe aſhore after this blaſt,
Britons ſhall ſmile at follies paſt.

164. My fancy, &c.) Wealth or the Woody, wrote in the month of June laſt. —

God

God grant your lordſhip joy and health,
Lang days and rowth of real wealth;
Safe to the land of cakes heav'n ſend ye,
And frae croſs accidents defend ye.

Edinb. March 25, 1721.

PATIE *and* PEGGIE: *A* Sang.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGIE.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGIE.

Then dinna pou me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie*'s arms for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farrer 'till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfou! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
'Till that day come, that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh ye'r ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day;
And if ye'r weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the young gentlemen, who, for their improvement and diverſion, acted the Orphan, *and* Cheats of Scapin, *the laſt night of the year* 1719.

BRAW lads, and bonny laſſes, welcome here,—
But wha's to entertain ye,—never ſpeer.—
Quietneſs is beſt.—Tho' we be leal and true,
Good ſenſe and wit's mair than we dare avow.—
Some body ſays to ſome fowk, we're to blame,
That 'tis a ſcandal and black-burning ſhame
To thole young callands thus to grow ſae ſnack,
And lear—O mighty crimes!—to ſpeak and act.—
Stage-plays, quoth *Dunce*, are unco' things indeed!
He ſaid, he gloom'd,—and ſhook his thick boſs head.
They're *Papery*, *Papery!*—cry'd his nibour neiſt,
Contriv'd at *Rome* by ſome malignant prieſt,

To witch away fowks minds frae doing well,
As ſaith *Rab Ker*, *M'Millan* and *M'Neil*.

But let them tauk.—In ſpite of ilk cadaver,
We'll cheriſh wit, and ſcorn their fead or favour;
We'll ſtrive to bring in active eloquence,
Tho' for a while upon our fame's expence.—
I'm wrang.—Our fame will mount with mettled carles,
And for the reſt, we'll be aboon their ſnarls.—
Knock down the fools, wha dare with empty rage
Spit in the face of virtue and the ſtage.
'Cauſe hereticks in pulpits thump and rair,
Muſt naithing orthodox b' expected there?
Becauſe a rump cut off a royal head,
Muſt not anither parli'ment ſucceed?
Thus tho' the *Drama*'s aft debauch'd and rude,
Muſt we, for ſome are bad, refuſe the good?
Anſwer me that—if there be ony log,
That's come to keek upon us here *incog*,
Anes, twice, thrice.—But now I think on't, ſtay,
I've ſomething elſe to do, and muſt away.——
This prologue was deſign'd for uſe and ſport,
The chiel that made it, let him anſwer for't.

16. Rab Ker.) One who puts the canting phraſes of M'Millan and M'Neil (two non-conforming hill preachers) into wretched rhime.

The Life *and* Acts *of, or, an* Elegy *on* PATIE BIRNIE,

The famous fidler of Kinghorn;
Who gart the lieges gawff and girn ay,
Aft 'till the cock proclaim'd the morn:
Tho' baith his * *weeds and mirth were pirny,*
He roos'd theſe things were langeſt worn,
The brown ale barrel was his kirn ay,
And faithfully he toom'd his horn.

And then beſides his valiant acts,
At bridals he wan mony placks.

HAB. SIMPSON.

IN ſonnet ſlee the man I ſing,
His rare engine in rhyme ſhall ring,
Wha ſlaid the ſtick out o'er the ſtring
With ſic an art;
Wha ſang ſae ſweetly to the ſpring,
And rais'd the heart. 6

Kinghorn may rue the ruefou day
That lighted *Patie* to his clay,
Wha gart the hearty billies ſtay,
And ſpend their caſh,
To ſee his ſnowt, to hear him play,
And gab ſae gaſh. 12

* Weeds and mirth were pirny.) When a piece of ſtuff is wrought unequally, part coarſe and part fine, of yarn of different colours, we call it pirny, from the pirn, or little hollow reed which holds the yarn in the ſhuttle.

When

When ſtrangers landed, wow ſae thrang
Fuffin and peghing he wa'd gang,
And crave their pardon that ſae lang
He'd been a coming;
Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
And fa' to bumming.

Your honour's father dead and gane,
For him he firſt wa'd make his mane,
But ſoon his face cou'd make ye fain
When he did ſough,
O wiltu, wiltu do't again!
And gran'd and leugh.

This ſang he made frae his ain head,
And eke *the auld man's mare ſhe's dead,*
Tho' peets and turfs and a's to lead,
O fy upon her!
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r honour.

13. When ſtrangers landed.) It was his cuſtom to watch when ſtrangers went into a publick houſe, and attend them, pretending they had ſent for him, and that he could not get away ſooner from other company.

19. Your honour's father.) It was his firſt compliment to one (tho' he had never perhaps ſeen him, nor any of his predeceſſors) that well he kend his honour's father, and been merry with him, and an excellent good-fellow he was.

21. Soon his face wad make ye fain.) Shewing a very particular comicalneſs in his looks and geſtures, laughing and groaning at the ſame time; he plays, ſings, and breaks in with ſome queer tale twice or thrice e'er he get through the tune. His beard is no ſmall addition to the diverſion.

23. O Wiltu.) The name of a tune he play'd upon all occaſions.

25. This ſang he made.) He boaſted of being poet as well as muſician.

After ilk tune he took a ſowp,
And bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp,
That to the papiſts country ſcowp,
To lear ha, ha's,
Frae chiels that ſing hap, ſtap and lowp,
Wantin the B—s.

That beardleſs capons are na men,
We by their fozie ſprings might ken;
But ours, he ſaid, cou'd vigour len'
To men o' weir,
And gar them ſtout to battle ſten'
Withoutten fear.

How firſt he practis'd, ye ſhall hear,
The harn-pan of an umquhile mare,
He ſtrung, and ſtrak ſounds ſaft and clear,
Out o' the pow,
Which fir'd his ſaul, and gart his ear
With gladneſs glow.

Sae ſome auld-gabet poets tell,
Jove's nimble ſon and leckie ſnell
Made the firſt fiddle of a ſhell,
On which *Apollo*,
With meikle pleaſure play'd himſel
Baith jig and ſolo.

O *Jonny Stocks*, what comes o' thee,
I'm ſure thou'lt break thy heart and die;
Thy *Birnie* gane, thou't never be
Nor blyth nor able
To ſhake thy ſhort houghs merrily
Upon a table.

32. Bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp, &c.) Curs'd ſtrongly the light-headed fellows who run to Italy to learn ſoft muſick.

51. 'Tuque teſtudo, reſonare ſeptem
'Callida nervis.' HORACE.

55. Jonny Stocks.) A man of a low ſtature, but very broad, a loving friend of his, who uſed to dance to his muſick.

How

How pleaſant was't to ſee thee diddle,
And dance ſae finely to his fiddle,
With noſe forgainſt a laſs's middle,
And briſkly brag,
With cutty ſteps to ding their ſtriddle,
And gar them fag.

He catch'd a criſhy webſter loun
At runkling o' his deary's gown,
And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,
For being there;
But ſtarker thrums got *Patie* down,
And knooſt him ſair.

Wae worth the dog, he maiſt had fell'd him,
Revengfu' *Pate* aſt green'd to geld him,
He aw'd a mends, and that he tell'd him,
And bann'd to do't,
He took the tid, and fairly ſell'd him
For a recruit.

Pate was a carle of canny ſenſe,
And wanted ne'er a right bein ſpence,
And laid up dollars in defence
'Gainſt eild and gout,
Well judging gear in future tenſe
Cou'd ſtand for wit.

Yet prudent fowk may take the pet:
Anes thrawart porter wadna let

80. Bein ſpence.) Good ſtore of proviſion, the ſpence being a little apartment for meal, fleſh, &c.

86. Anes thrawart porter, &c.) This happened in the duke of Rothes's time; his grace was giving an entertainment, and Patrick being deny'd entry by the ſervants, he either from a cunning view of the lucky conſequence, or in a paſſion, did what's deſcribed.

Him in while latter-meat was hett,
He gaw'd fou ſair,
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett,
Whilk ne'er did mair.

But profit may ariſe frae loſs,
Sae *Pate* gat comfort by his croſs:
Soon as he wan within the cloſs,
He douſly drew in
Mair gear frae ilka gentle goſs
Than bought a new ane.

When lying bedfaſt ſick and ſair,
To pariſh prieſt he promis'd ſair,
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:
But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
Strute ilka night.

The hally dad with care eſſays
To wile him frae his wanton ways,
And tell'd him of his promiſe twice:
Pate anſwer'd cliver,
'Wha tents what people raving ſays
'When in a fiver.'

At *Bothwell-Brig* he gade to fight,
But being wiſe as he was wight,
He thought it ſhaw'd a ſaul but ſlight,
Dauftly to ſtand,
And let gun-powder wrang his ſight,
Or fidle-hand.

109. Bothwell-brig.) Upon Clyde, where the famous battle was fought Anno 1679, for the determination of ſome kittle points. But I dare not aſſert that it was religion carried my heroe to the field.

Right pawkily he left the plain,
Nor o'er his ſhoulder look'd again,
But ſcour'd o'er moſs and moor amain,
To *Rieky* ſtraight,
And tald how mony whigs were ſlain
Before they faught.

Sae I've lamented *Patie*'s end;
But leaſt your grief o'er far extend,
Come dight your cheeks, ye'r brows unbend,
And lift ye'r head,
For to a' *Britain* be it kend
He is not dead.

January 25,
1721.

CUPID *thrown into the* South-Sea.

MYRTILLA, as like *Venus*' ſell
As e'er an egg was like anither,
Anes *Cupid* met upon the *Mall*,
And took her for his bonny mither.

He wing'd his way up to her breaſt;
She ſtarted, he cry'd, Mam, 'tis me;
The beauty, in o'er raſh a jeſt,
Flang the arch-gytling in *South-Sea*.

Frae thence he raiſe wi' gilded wings,
His bow and ſhafts to gowd were chang'd;
Deel's i' the ſea, quoth he, it dings;
Syne back to *Mall* and park he rang'd.

Breathing

Breathing miſchief, the god look'd gurly,
With transfers a' his darts were feather'd;
He made a horrid hurly burly,
Where *Beaus* and *Belles* were thickeſt gather'd.

He tentily *Myrtilla* ſought,
And in the thrang 'Change-*Alley* got her;
He drew his bow, and quick as thought
With a braw new ſubſcription ſhot her.

The SATYR's Comick Project *for recovering a young Bankrupt* Stock-jobber.

A SONG.

ON the ſhore of a low ebbing ſea,
A ſighing young jobber was ſeen
Staring wiſhfully at an old tree
Which grew on the neighbouring green.
There's a tree that can finiſh the ſtrife
And diſorder that wars in my breaſt,
What need one be pain'd with his life,
When a halter can purchaſe him reſt?

Sometimes he would ſtamp and look wild,
Then roar out a terrible curſe
On bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a doit in his purſe.
A *Satyr* that wander'd along,
With a laugh to his raving reply'd;
The ſavage maliciouſly ſung,
And jok'd while the ſtock-jobber cry'd.

From the beginning to the 20th line, ſing to the tune of Collin's complaint.

To

To mountains and rocks he complain'd,
His cravat was bath'd with his tears;
The *Satyr* drew near like a friend,
And bid him abandon his fears.
Said he, have ye been at the ſea,
And met with a contrary wind,
That you rail at fair fortune ſo free?
Don't blame the poor goddeſs, ſhe's blind.

Come hold up thy head, fooliſh wight,
I'll teach thee the loſs to retrieve;
Obſerve me this project aright,
And think not of hanging, but live.
Hecatiſſa conceited and old,
Affects in her airs to ſeem young,
Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
And plenty of nonſenſe her tongue.

Lay ſiege to her for a ſhort ſpace,
Ne'er mind that ſhe's wrinkl'd or grey;
Extol her for beauty and grace,
And doubt not of gaining the day.
In wedlock ye fairly may join,
And when of her wealth you are ſure,
Make free with the old woman's coin,
And purchaſe a ſprightly young W——.

To the MUSICK CLUB.

E'ER on old *Shinar*'s plain the fortreſs roſe,
Rear'd by thoſe giants who durſt heav'n oppoſe;

From the 21ſt line, where the Satyr begins to ſpeak, to the tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.

An

An univerſal language mankind us'd,
'Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd;
Diſcord and jar for puniſhment were hurl'd
On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar ſpeech with notes harmonious clear,
Tranſpoſing thought, gave pleaſure to the ear:
Then muſick in its full perfection ſhin'd,
When man to man melodious ſpoke his mind.

As when a richly fraughted fleet is loſt
In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coaſt,
Down many fathoms of the liquid maſs,
The artiſt dives in ark of oak, or braſs,
Snatches ſome ingots of *Peruvian* ore,
And with his prize rejoicing makes the ſhore.
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find;
They ſwell in wealth, tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's ſons, with minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight,
And daily gain new ſtores of pleaſing ſounds
To glad the earth, fixing to ſpleen its bounds;
While vocal tubes and conſort ſtrings engage
To ſpeak the dialect of the golden age.
Then you whoſe ſymphony of ſouls proclaim
Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame,
And ſhew that muſick may have as good fate
In *Albion*'s glens, as *Umbria*'s green retreat:
And with *Correlli*'s ſoft *Italian* ſong
Mix *Cowdon Knows*, and *Winter nights are long*.
Nor ſhould the martial *Pibrough* be deſpis'd,
Own'd and refin'd by you, theſe ſhall the more be priz'd.

Each

Each raviſh'd ear extols your heavenly art,
Which ſooths our care, and elevates the heart,
Whilſt hoarſer ſounds the martial ardors move,
And liquid notes invite to ſhades and love.

Hail, ſafe reſtorer of diſtemper'd minds,
That with delight the raging paſſion binds:
Extatick concord only baniſh'd hell,
Moſt perfect where the perfect beings dwell.
Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
Long may they reliſh thy tranſporting ſweets.

WINE *and* MUSICK, *an* Ode.

SYMON.

O *Colin*, how dull is't to be,
When a ſoul is ſinking wi' pain,
To one who is pained like me:
My life's grown a load,
And my faculties nod,
While I ſigh for cold *Jeanie* in vain;
By beauty and ſcorn I am ſlain:
The wound it is mortal and deep,
My pulſes beat low in each vein,
And threaten eternal ſleep.

COLIN.

Come, here are the beſt cures for thy wounds,
O boy, the cordial bowl!
With ſoft harmonious ſounds,
Wounds, theſe can cure all wounds,
With ſoft harmonious ſounds,
And pull off the cordial bowl:
O *Symon*, ſink thy care, and tune up thy drooping ſoul;

Above,

Above, the gods bienly bouze,
When round they meet in a ring;
They caſt away care, and carouſe
Their *Nectar*, while they ſing.
Then drink and chearfully ſing,
Theſe make the blood circle fine;
Strike up the muſick,
The ſafeſt phyſick,
Compounded with ſparkling wine.

On the Great Eclipſe *of the* SUN, *the 22d of* April, *nine o'clock of the morning, wrote a month before it happened*, March 1715.

NOW do I preſs among the learned throng,
To tell a great Eclipſe in little ſong.
At me nor ſcheme, nor demonſtration aſk,
That is our *Gregory*'s, or fam'd *Halley*'s taſk:
'Tis they who are converſant with each ſtar,
We know how planets planets rays debar.
This to pretend, my muſe is not ſo bold,
She only echoes what ſhe has been told.

Our rolling globe will ſcarce have made the ſun
Seem half way up *Olympus* to have run,
When night's pale queen in her oft changed way,
Will intercept in direct line his ray,
And make black night uſurp the throne of day.

N. B. The order of time in placing ſome of my manuſcript poems, with regard to them formerly printed, is not obſerved in ſome few of the following, but their dates ſhall be given.

4. Our Gregory's.) Mr. Gregory, profeſſor of mathematicks in Edinburgh. Fam'd Halley, fellow of the royal ſociety, London.

9. Rolling globe.) According to the Copernican ſyſtem.

The

The curious will attend that hour with care,
And wiſh no clouds may hover in the air,
To dark the medium, and obſtruct from ſight
The gradual motion and decay of light,
Whilſt thoughtleſs fools will view the water pale,
To ſee which of the planets will prevail:
For then they think the ſun and moon make war;
Thus nurſes tales oftimes the judgment mar.

When this ſtrange darkneſs overſhades the plains,
'Twill give an odd ſurpriſe t' unwarned ſwains;
Plain honeſt hinds, who do not know the cauſe,
Nor know of orbs, their motions or their laws,
Will from the half-plough'd furrows homeward bend,
In dire confuſion, judging that the end
Of time approacheth; thus poſſeſt with fear,
They'll think the general conflagration near.
The traveller benighted on the road
Will turn devout, and ſupplicate his god.
Cocks with their careful mates and younger fry,
As if't were evening, to their rooſts will fly.
The horned cattle will forget to feed,
And come home lowing from the graſſie mead.
Each bird of day will to his neſt repair,
And leave to bats and owls the duſky air.
The lark and little robin's ſofter lay
Will not be heard till the return of day.
Now this will be great part of *Europe*'s caſe,
While *Phebe*'s as a maſk on *Phœbus*' face.
The unlearn'd clowns who don't our *Æra* know,
From this dark *Friday* will their ages ſhow;
As I have often heard old country men
Talk of dark *Monday*, and their ages then.

Not

Not long ſhall laſt this ſtrange uncommon gloom
When light diſpels the ploughman's fear of doom;
With merry heart he'll lift his raviſh'd ſight
Up to the heavens, and welcome back the light.
How juſt's the motions of theſe whirling ſpheres!
Which ne'er can err while time is met by years.
How vaſt is little man's capacious ſoul!
That knows how orbs thro' weilds of *Æther* roll.
How great's the power of that omnifick hand!
Who gave them motion by his wiſe command,
That they ſhould not, while time had being, ſtand.

The GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATIONS, *as debated by ſome of the Fellows of the* EASY CLUB, April 1715.

FRom different ways of thinking comes debate,
This we deſpiſe, and that we over-rate,
Juſt as the fancy takes, we love or hate.
Hence *Whig* and *Tory* live in endleſs jar,
And moſt of families in civil war:
Hence 'mongſt the eaſieſt men beneath the ſkies,
Even in their eaſy dome, debates ariſe:
As late they did with ſtrength of judgment ſcan
Theſe qualities that form a gentleman.

Eaſy Club.) A juvenile ſociety, of which I am a fellow, from the general antipathy we all ſeem'd to have at the ill-humor and contradictions which ariſe from trifles, eſpecially thoſe which conſtitute Whig and Tory, without having the grand reaſon for it; this engaged us to take a pleaſure in the ſound of an Eaſy Club.

The Club, by one of our ſpecial laws, muſt not exceed twelve; and any gentleman at his admiſſion was to take the name of ſome Scots author, or one eminent for ſomething extraordinary, for obſcuring his real name in the regiſter of our lucubrations, ſuch as are named in this debate, Tippermalech, Buchanan, Hector Boece, &c.

First *Tippermalech* pled with *Spaniſh* grace
That gentry only ſprung from antient race,
Whoſe names in old records of time were fix'd,
In whoſe rich veins ſome royal blood was mix'd.
I being a poet ſprung from a *Douglaſs*' loin,
In this proud thought did with the doctor join;
With this addition, if they could ſpeak ſenſe,
Ambitious I, ah! had no more pretence.
Buchanan, with ſtiff argument and bold,
Pled gentry took its birth from powerful gold.
Him *Hector Boece* join'd, they argued ſtrong;
Said they, to wealth that title muſt belong;
If men are rich, they're gentle; and if not,
You'll own their birth and ſenſe are ſoon forgot.
Pray ſay, ſaid they, how much reſpectful grace
Demands an old red-coat and mangled face?
Or one, if he could like an angel preach,
If he to no rich benefice can reach?
Ev'n progeny of dukes are at a ſtand
How to make out bare gentry without land,
But ſtill the doctor would not quit the field,
But that rich upſtarts ſhould to birth-right yield;
He grew more ſtiff, nor would the plea let go,
Said he was right, and ſwore it ſhould be ſo.

But happy we, who have ſuch wholſome laws,
Which without pleading can decide a cauſe.
To this good law recourſe we had at laſt,
That throws off wrath, and makes our friendſhip faſt;
In which the legiſlators laid the plot,
To end all controverſy by a vote.

Yet that we more good-humor might diſplay,
We frankly turn'd the vote another way;

As in each thing we common topicks ſhun,
So the great prize, nor birth nor riches won.
The vote was carried thus, that eaſy he
Who ſhould three years a ſocial fellow be,
And to our *Eaſy Club* give no offence,
After *triennial* tryal, ſhould commence
A gentleman, which gives as juſt a claim
To that great title, as the blaſt of fame
Can give to them who trade in human gore,
Or thoſe who heap up hoards of coined ore;
Since in our ſocial friendſhip nought's deſign'd
But what may raiſe and brighten up the mind;
We aiming cloſe to walk by virtue's rules,
To find true honour's ſelf, and leave her ſhade to fools.

On WIT.

MY eaſy friends, ſince ye think fit
This night to lucubrate on wit;
And ſince ye judge that I compoſe
My thoughts in rhime better than proſe,
I'll give my judgment in a ſang,
And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
But firſt of a' I'll tell a tale
That with my caſe runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in *Fife*,
Wha cou'd na for his very life

3. Since ye judge, &c.) Being but an indifferent ſort of an orator, my friends would merrily alledge that I was not ſo happy in proſe as rhime; it was carried in a vote, againſt which there is no oppoſition, and the night appointed for ſome leſſons on wit, I was ordered to give my thoughts in verſe.

Speak

Speak without ſtammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he ſang.
His father's kiln he anes ſaw burning,
Which gart the lad run breathleſs mourning;
Hameward with cliver ſtrides he lap,
To tell his dady his miſhap.
At diſtance e'er he reach'd the door,
He ſtood and rais'd a hideous roar.
His father when he heard his voice,
Stept out and ſaid, why a' this noiſe?
The calland gap'd and glowr'd about,
But no ae word cou'd he lug out.
His dad cry'd, kening his defect,
Sing, ſing, or I ſhall break your neck.
Then ſoon he gratify'd his ſire,
And ſang aloud, *your kiln's a-fire.*

Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,
To tell a tale ſae very pat.
Bright wit appears in mony a ſhape,
Which ſome invent and others ape.
Some ſhaw their wit in wearing claiths,
And ſome in coining of new aiths;
There's crambo wit in making rhime,
And dancing wit in beating time:
There's mettl'd wit in ſtory-telling,
In writing grammar, and right ſpelling:
Wit ſhines in knowledge of politicks,
And wow! what wit's amang the criticks.

So far, my mates, excuſe me while I play
In ſtrains ironic with that heavenly ray,
Rays which the human intellects refine,
And makes the man with brilliant luſtre ſhine,
Marking him ſprung from origin divine.

Yet may a well-rigg'd ſhip be full of flaws,
So may looſe wits regard no ſacred laws:
That ſhip the waves will ſoon to pieces ſhake,
So 'midſt his vices ſinks the witty rake.
But when on firſt-rate virtues wit attends,
It both itſelf and virtue recommends,
And challenges reſpect where-e'er its blaze extends.

On FRIENDSHIP.

THE earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
His only friends are *Mammon* and himſelf:
The drunken ſots, who want the art to think,
Still ceaſe from friendſhip when they ceaſe from drink.
The empty fop, who ſcarce for man will paſs,
Ne'er ſees a friend but when he views his glaſs.

Friendſhip firſt ſprings from ſympathy of mind,
Which to complete the virtues all combine,
And only found 'mongſt men who can eſpy,
The merits of his friend without envy.
Thus all pretending friendſhip's but a dream,
Whoſe baſe is not reciprocal eſteem.

KEITHA: *A* Paſtoral, *lamenting the Death of the Right Hon.* MARY *Counteſs of* Wigtoun.

RINGAN.

O'ER ilka thing a gen'ral ſadneſs hings!
The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings;
My ſheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
And ſeem to think as in a dumpiſh mood.

Hark

Hark how the winds ſouch mournfu' throu' the broom,
Th' very liſt puts on a heavy gloom:
My neibour *Colin* too, he bears a part,
His face ſpeaks out the fairneſs of his heart;
Tell, tell me, *Colin*, for my bodding thought,
A bang of fears into my breaſt has brought.

COLIN.

Where haſt thou been, thou ſimpleton, wha ſpeers
The cauſe of a' our ſorrow and our tears?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common ſkaith
The warld receives by lovely *Keitha*'s death?
The bonnieſt ſample of what's good and kind;
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind.
But now this ſweeteſt flower of a' our plain,
Leaves us to ſigh, tho' a' our ſighs are vain;
For never mair ſhe'll grace the heartſome green,
Ay heartſome, when ſhe deign'd there to be ſeen.
Speak, flow'ry meadows, where ſhe us'd to wauk;
Speak, flocks and burds, wha've heard her ſink or tauk;
Did ever you ſae meikle beauty bear?
Or ye ſae mony heav'nly accents hear?
Ye painted haughs, ye minſtrels of the air
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye weſtlin winds that gently us'd to play
On her white breaſt, and ſteal ſome ſweets away,
Whilſt her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
Which gratefu' *Flora* took to feed her bees;
Bear on your wings, round earth, her ſpotleſs fame,
Worthy that noble race from whence ſhe came:

32. Worthy that noble race.) She was daughter to the late Earl Marſhal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

Reſounding braes, where e'er ſhe us'd to lean,
And view the criſtal burn glide o'er the green,
Return your echoes to our mournfu' ſang,
And let the ſtreams in murmurs bear't alang.
Ye unkend powers, wha water haunt or air,
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face?
Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace?
Her een, which did with heav'nly ſparkles low?
Her modeſt cheek, fluſh'd with a roſie glow?
Her fair brent brow, ſmooth as th' unrunkled deep,
When a' the winds are in their caves aſleep?
Her preſence, like a ſimmer's morning ray,
Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.
Now twin'd of life, theſe charms look cauld and blae,
And what before gave joy, now makes us wae.
Her goodneſs ſhin'd in ilka pious deed,——
A ſubject, *Ringan*, for a lofty reed!
A ſhepherd's ſang maun ſic high thoughts decline,
Leſt ruſtick notes ſhould darken what's divine.
Youth, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

How tenderly ſhe ſmooth'd our maſter's mind,
When round his manly waiſt her arms ſhe twin'd,
And look'd a thouſand ſaft things to his heart,
While native ſweetneſs ſought nae help frae art!
To him her merit ſtill appear'd mair bright,
As yielding ſhe own'd his ſuperior right.
Baith ſaft and ſound he ſlept within her arms,
Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.

Soon

Soon as the morning dawn'd he'd draw the ſcreen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer een;
Whence ſweeteſt rays guſht out in ſic a thrang,
Beyond expreſſion in my rural ſang.

COLIN.

O *Clementina!* ſprouting fair remains
Of her, wha was the glory of our plains,
Dear innocence, with infant-darkneſs bleſt,
Which hides the happineſs that thou haſt miſſ,
May a' thy mither's ſweets thy portion be,
And a' thy mither's graces ſhine in thee.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
And a' ſhe gae, ſhe geed it wi' good will;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day
On which frae us ſhe's tane ſae ſoon away;
Baith hynds and herds, wha's cheeks beſpake nae ſcant,
And throu' the howms could whiſtle, ſing and rant,
Will miſs her ſair, 'till happily they find
Anither in her place ſae good and kind.
The laſſes wha did at her graces mint,
Ha'e by her death their bonnieſt pattern tint.
O ilka ane who did her bounty ſkair,
Lament, for gen'rous *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

O *Ringan, Ringan!* things gang ſae uneven,
I canna well take up the will of heav'n,
Our croſſes teughly laſt us mony a year,
But unco ſoon our bleſſings diſappear.

RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, *Colin*, my laſt *Sunday*'s note,
I tented well meſs *Thomas* ilka jot.
The powers aboon are cautious as they're juſt,
And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle truſt
To this unconſtant earth, with what's divine,
Leſt in laigh damps they ſhould their luſtre tine.
Sae let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years:
But as we can in goodneſs it employ,
Syne wha dies firſt, firſt gains eternal joy.
Come, *Colin*, dight your cheeks and baniſh care,
Our lady's happy, tho' with us nae mair.

To the Right Honourable the Town-Council of EDINBURGH,

The Addreſs of ALLAN RAMSAY.

YOUR poet humbly means and ſhaws,
That contrair to juſt rights and laws
I've ſuffer'd muckle wrang
By Lucky *Reid*, and ballad-ſingers,
Wha thum'd with their coarſe dirty fingers
Sweet *Edie*'s funeral-ſang.
They ſpoil'd my ſenſe and ſtaw my caſh,
My muſe's pride murgully'd,
And printing it like their vile traſh,
The honeſt lieges whilly'd.

4. Lucky Reid.) A printer's relict, who with the hawkers re-printed my paſtoral on Mr. Addiſon, without my knowledge, on ugly paper, full of errors.

Thus

Thus undone, to *London*
It gade to my diſgrace,
Sae pimpin and limpin
In rags wi' bluther'd face.

Yet gleg-eyed friends throw the diſguiſe
Receiv'd it as a dainty prize,
For a' it was ſae hav'ren,
Gart *Lintot* take it to his preſs,
And clead it in a braw new dreſs,
Syne took it to the tavern.
But tho' it was made clean and braw,
Sae fair it had been knoited,
It blather'd buff before them a',
And aftentimes turn'd doited.
It griev'd me, and reav'd me
Of kindly ſleep and reſt,
By carlings and gorlings
To be ſae ſair oppreſt.

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wiſely had the good town's bridle,
My caſe I plainly tell,
And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your word of weight, when now I crave
To guide my gear my ſell.

11. To London.) One of their uncorrect copies was reprinted at London by Bernard Lintot, in Folio firſt, before he printed it a ſecond time from a correct copy of my own, with the honourable Mr. Burchet's Engliſh verſion of it.

23. Blather'd buff.) Spoke nonſenſe, from words being wanting, and many wrong ſpell'd and chang'd, ſuch as gras for gars, praiſe for phraſe, &c.

32. As your ain.) A free citizen.

33. Your word of weight.) To interpoſe their juſt authority in my favour, and grant me an act to ward off theſe little pirates, which I gratefully acknowledge the receit of.

Then

Then clean and fair the type ſhall be,
The paper like the ſnaw,
Nor ſhall our town think ſhame wi' me,
When we gang far awa.
What's wanted, if granted
Beneath your honour'd wing,
Baith hantily and cantily
Your ſupplicant ſhall ſing.

Inſcription on the Gold Tea-pot, gain'd by Sir JAMES CUNNINGHAM *of* Milncraig, *Bart.*

AFTER the gaining *Edinburgh*'s prize
The day before with running thrice,
Me *Milncraig's rock* moſt fairly won,
When thrice again the courſe he run:
New for diverſion 'tis my ſhare
To run three heats, and pleaſe the fair.

Inſcription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a Punch-bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Train'd-Bands of Edinburgh, *and gain'd by Captain* CH. CROCKAT's Swallow.

CHARGE me with *Nantz* and limpid ſpring,
Let ſowr and ſweet be mixt,
Bend round a health ſyne to the King,
To *Edinburgh*'s captains next,

42. Shall ſing.) There being abundance of their petitioners who daily oblige themſelves to pray.

Wha

Wha form'd me in ſae blyth a ſhape,
  And gave me laſting honours,
Take up my ladle fill and lape,
  And ſay, fairfa' the donors.

To the WHIN-BUSH CLUB, *The Bill of* Allan Ramſay.

OF *Crawfurd-Moor*, born in *Leadhill*,
  Where min'ral ſprings *Glengoner* fill,
  Which joins ſweet flowing *Clyde*,
Between auld *Crawfurd-Lindſay*'s towers,
And where *Deneetne* rapid pours
  His ſtream thro' *Glotta*'s tide;
Native of *Clydſdale*'s upper ward,
  Bred fifteen ſummers there,
Tho', to my loſs, I'm no a laird
  By birth, my title's fair
    To bend wi' ye and ſpend wi' ye
    An evening, and gaffaw,
    If merit and ſpirit
    Be found without a flaw.

Whin-Buſh.) This club conſiſts of Clydſdale-ſhire gentlemen, who frequently meet at a diverting hour, and keep up a good underſtanding amongſt themſelves over a friendly bottle. And from a charitable principle, eaſily collect into their treaſurer's box a ſmall fund, which has many a time relieved the diſtreſſes of indigent perſons of that ſhire.

1. Leadhill.) In the pariſh of Crawfurd-Moor, famous for the lead and gold mines belonging to the Earl of Hoptoun.

2. Gengoner.) The name of a ſmall river, which takes its riſe from the Lead-hills, and enters Clyde between the caſtle of Crawfurd and the mouth of Deneetne, another of the branches of Clyde.

Since

Since douſly ye do nought at random,
Then take my bill to *Aviſandum*;
And if there's nae objection,
I'll deem't my honour and be glad
To come beneath your *Whin-buſh* ſhade,
And claim to its protection.
If frae the caverns of a head
That's boſs, a ſtorm ſhould blaw,
Etling wi' ſpite to rive my reed,
And give my muſe a fa',
When poring and ſoaring
O'er *Heleconian* heights,
She traces theſe places
Where *Cynthius* delights.

An Epiſtle *to Mr.* JAMES ARBUCKLE *of* Belfaſt, *A. M.*

EDINBURGH, *January* 1719.

AS errant knight with ſword and piſtol,
Beſtrides his ſteed with mighty fiſtle;
Then ſtands ſome time in jumbled ſwither
To ride in this road or that ither;
At laſt ſpurs on, and diſna care for
A how, a what way, or a wherefore.
Or like extemporary quaker,
Waſting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanting,
With formleſs phraſe, and formal canting;
While *Jacob Behmen*'s ſalt does ſeaſon,
And ſaves his thought frae corrupt reaſon,

11. Jacob Behmen.) A quaker, who wrote volumes of an unintelligible enthuſiaſtick bombaſt.

Gowling

Gowling aloud with motions queereſt,
Yerking theſe words out which lie neareſt.

Thus I (no longer to illuſtrate
With ſimilies, leſt I ſhould fruſtrate
Deſign *Laconick* of a letter,
With heap of language and no matter,)
Bang'd up my blyth auld-faſhion'd whiſtle,
To ſowf ye o'er a ſhort epiſtle,
Without rule, compaſſes, or charcoal,
Or ſerious ſtudy in a dark hole.
Three times I ga'e the muſe a rug,
Then bate my nails and claw'd my lug;
Still heavy, at the laſt my noſe
I prim'd with an inſpiring doſe,
Then did ideas dance, (dear ſafe us!)
As they'd been daft—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. *James Arbuckle*, Sir,
(That's merchant's ſtile, as clean as fir)
Ye're welcome back to *Caledonie*,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
Harveſt, winter, ſpring and ſummer,
And ay keep up your heartſome humor,
That ye may thro' your lucky taſk go,
Of bruſhing up our ſiſter *Glaſgow*;
Where lads are dext'rous at improving,
And docile laſſes fair and loving:
But never tent theſe fellows girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning,
And frae pure dulneſs are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that's witty, vicious.

Now, *Jamie*, in neiſt place, *Secundo*,
To give you what's your due in *mundo*;

26. Inſpiring doſe.) Vide Mr. Arbuckle's poem on ſnuff.
31. Welcome back.) Having been in his native Ireland viſiting his friends.

That

That is to ſay in hame o'er phraſes,
To tell ye, men of mettle praiſes
Ilk verſe of your's when they can light on't,
And trouth I think they're in the right on't;
For there's ay ſomething ſae auldfarran,
Sae ſlid, ſae unconſtrain'd and darrin,
In ilka ſample we have ſeen yet,
That little better e'er has been yet.
Sae much for that. My friend *Arbuckle*,
I ne'er afore roos'd ane ſae muckle.
Fauſe flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,
That gars me hate it like auld *Nicol*:
But when ane's of his merit conſcious,
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunſhes.

Thirdly, not tether'd to connection,
But rattling by inſpir'd direction,
When ever fame, with voice like thunder,
Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,
Either for ſlaſhing fowk to dead,
Or having wind-mills in his head,
Or poet, or an airy beau,
Or ony twa-leg'd rary-ſhow,
They wha have never ſeen't are biſſy
To ſpeer what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis, then, for tallneſs I
Am five foot and four inches high:
A black-a-vic'd ſnod dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow.
With phiz of a *Morocco* cut,
Reſembling a late man of wit,
Auld-gabbet *Spec*, wha was ſae cunning
To be a dummie ten years running.

75. Auld-gabbet Spec.) The Spectator, who gives us a fictitious deſcription of his ſhort face and taciturnity, that he had been eſteemed a dumb man for ten years.

Then

Then for the fabrick of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd.
I rather chooſe to laugh at folly,
Than ſhow diſlike by melancholy;
Well judging a ſowr heavy face
Is not the trueſt mark of grace.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton.
Great tables ne'er engag'd my wiſhes,
When crowded with o'er mony diſhes,
A healthfu' ſtomach ſharply ſet
Prefers a back-ſey pipin het.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comick poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occaſion thus to ſhow it.

Second of thirdly——pray take heed,
Ye's get a ſhort ſwatch of my creed.
To follow method negatively
Ye ken takes place of poſitively.
Well then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
Nor credit give to purgatory.
Tranſub, *Loretta-houſe*, and mae tricks,
As prayers to ſaints, *Katties* and *Patricks*;
Nor *Aſgilite*, nor *Beſs Clarkſonian*,
Nor *Mountaineer*, nor *Mugletonian*;

103. Nor Aſgilite.) Mr. Aſgil, a late member of parliament, advanced (whether in jeſt or earneſt I know not) ſome very whimſical opinions, particularly, that people need not die if they pleaſed, but be tranſlated alive to heaven like Enoch and Elijah. Clarkſonian, Beſſy Clarkſon a Lanerkſhire woman. Vide the hiſtory of her life and principles.

104. Mountaineer.) Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill-ſide to a church under any civil authority. Mugletonian, a kind of Quakers, ſo called from one Mugleton. See Leſlie's Snake in the Graſs.

Nor

Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,
In *Cotmoor* fowk, and *Andrew Harley*.

Neiſt *Anti-Toland*, *Blunt* and *Wh——*,
Know poſitively I'm a Chriſtian,
Believing truths and thinking free,
Wiſhing thrawn parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my gate of ſending,
My income, management, and ſpending?
Born to nae lairdſhip, mair's the pity!
Yet deniſon of this fair city.
I make what honeſt ſhift I can,
And in my ain houſe am good-man,
Which ſtands on *Edinburgh*'s ſtreet the ſun-ſide,
I theek the out, and line the inſide
Of mony a douſe and witty paſh,
And baith ways gather in the caſh;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep a wife ay great wi' poet.
Contented I have ſic a ſkair,
As does my buſineſs to a hair,
And fain wa'd prove to ilka *Scot*
That poortith's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and laſtly baith togither,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
There's mony a canty carle and me
Wa'd be much comforted to ſee ye.
But if your outward be refractory,
Send us your inward manufactory.

106. Cotmoor fowk.) A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themſelves on uſing vain repetitions in prayers of ſix or ſeven hours long; were pleaſed with miniſters of no kind. Andrew Harlaw, a dull fellow of no education, was head of the party.

That

That when we're kedgy o'er our claret,
We correſpond may with your ſpirit.

Accept of my kind wiſhes, with
The ſame to dons *Butler* and *Smith*;
Health, wit and joy, ſauls large and free,
Be a' your fates—ſae God be wi' ye.

To the Right Honourable WILLIAM *Earl of* DALHOUSIE.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.

HORACE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld deſcent,
My chief, my ſtoup and ornament,
For entertainment a wee while,
Accept this ſonnet with a ſmile;
Setting great *Horace* in my view,
He to *Mecenas*, I to you:
But that my muſe may ſing with eaſe,
I'll keep or drap him as I pleaſe.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,
There's hardly twa of the ſame mind;
Some like to ſtudy, ſome to play,
Some on the links to win the day,
And gar the courſer rin like wood,
A' drapin down with ſweat and blood:
The winner ſyne aſſumes a look
Might gain a monarch or a duke.
Neiſt view the man with pauky face
Has mounted to a faſhous place,

Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
He's pleas'd with his uneasy state:
Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
'Till frae his kittle poſt he fa'.

The *Lothian* farmer he likes beſt
To be of good ſaugh riggs poſſeſt,
And ſen upon a frugal ſtock,
Where his forbeers had us'd the yoke:
Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
And venture in a rotten bark,
Syne unto far aff countries ſteer
On tumbling waves to gather gear.

The merchant wreck'd upon the main
Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again;
That he had rather live on cakes,
And ſhyreſt ſwats, with landart maiks,
As rin the riſk by ſtorms to have,
When he is dead, a living grave.
But ſeas turn ſmooth, and he grows fain,
And fairly takes his word again:
Tho' he ſhou'd to the bottom ſink,
Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,
To dance while pipes or fiddles play;
And have nae ſenſe of ony want
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rat'ling drum and trumpet's tout
Delight young ſwankies that are ſtout;
What his kind frighted mother ugs,
Is muſick to the ſoger's lugs.

The hunter with his hounds and hawks
Bangs up afore his wife awakes;
Nor ſpeers gin ſhe has ought to ſay,
But ſcowrs o'er highs and hows a' day,
Throw moſs and moor, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his truſty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
And won a laſting wreath of bays;
Is a' my wiſh; well pleas'd to ſing
Beneath a tree, or by a ſpring,
While lads and laſſes on the mead
Attend my *Caledonian* reed,
And with the ſweeteſt notes rehearſe
My thoughts, and rooſe me for my verſe.

If you, my lord, claſs me amang
Thoſe who have ſung baith ſaft and ſtrang,
Of ſmiling love or doughty deed,
To ſtarns ſublime I'll lift my head.

HORACE *to* VIRGIL, *on his taking a Voyage to* ATHENS.

Sic te diva potens Cypri, ——

O *Cyprian* goddeſs twinkle clear,
And *Helen*'s brithers ay appear;
Ye ſtars wha ſhed a lucky light,
Auſpicious ay keep in a ſight;
King *Eol* grant a tydie tirl,
But boaſt the blaſt that rudely whirl;

Dear ſhip, be canny with your care,
At *Athens* land my *Virgil* fair,
Syne ſoon and ſafe, baith lith and ſpaul,
Bring hame the tae haff o' my ſaul.

Daring and unco' ſtout he was,
With heart hool'd in three ſloughs of braſs,
Wha ventur'd firſt on the rough ſea,
With hempen branks and horſe of tree:
Wha on the weak machine durſt ride
Thro' tempeſts, and a rairing tide;
Nor clinty craigs, nor hurricane,
That drives the *Adriatick* main,
And gars the ocean gowl and quake,
Cou'd e'er a ſoul ſae ſturdy ſhake.
The man wha cou'd ſic rubs win o'er,
Without a wink at death might glowr,
Wha unconcern'd can take his ſleep
Amang the monſters of the deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the ſea and eard,
Since mariners are not afraid,
With laws of nature to diſpenſe,
And impiouſly treat providence.
Audacious men at nought will ſtand
When vicious paſſions have command:
Prometheus ventur'd up and ſtaw
A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';
Unſonſy thift, which fevers brought
In bikes, which fowk like ſybous hought:
Then death erſt ſlaw began to ling,
And faſt as haps to dart his ſting.
Neiſt *Dedalus* muſt contradict
Nature forſooth, and feathers ſtick

Upon

Upon his back, ſyne upward ſtreek,
And in at *Jove*'s high winnocks keek,
While *Hercules*, wi's timber mell,
Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

What is't man winna ettle at?
E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat:
Tho' *Jove* be very laith to kill,
They winna let his bowt ly ſtill.

An ODE *to Mr.* F——.

Solvitur acris hiems—— HORACE.

NOW gowans ſprout and lavrocks ſing,
And welcome weſt winds warm the ſpring,
O'er hill and dale they ſaftly blaw,
And drive the winter's cauld awa.
The ſhips lang gyzen'd at the peer
Now ſpread their ſails and ſmoothly ſteer,
The nags and nowt hate wiſſen'd ſtrae,
And friſking to the fields they gae;
Nor hynds wi' elſon and hemp lingle,
Sit ſolling ſhoon out o'er the ingle.
Now bonny haughs their verdure boaſt,
That late were clade wi' ſnaw and froſt,
With her gay train the *Paphian* queen
By moon-light dances on the green;
She leads, while nymphs and graces ſing,
And trip around the fairy ring.
Mean time poor *Vulcan* hard at thrift,
Gets mony a ſair and heavy lift,
Whilſt rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your ſtitted on the dew,
And buſk ye'r ſell in habit new.
Be grateſu' to the guiding powers,
And blythly ſpend your eaſy hours.
O kanny *F*——! tutor time,
And live as lang's ye'r in your prime;
That ill-bred death has nae regard
To king or cottar, or a laird;
As ſoon a caſtle he'll attack,
As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack.
Immediately we'll a' take flight
Unto the mirk realms of night,
As ſtories gang, with gaiſts to roam,
In gloumie *Pluto*'s gouſty dome;
Bid fair good day to pleaſure ſyne
Of bonny laſſes and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
Dares waſte an hour of precious time;
And ſince our life's ſae unko ſhort,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

To the Ph——, *an* ODE.

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte.—— HORACE.

LOOK up to *Pentland*'s tow'ring taps,
Buried beneath great wreaths of ſnaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk ſcar and ſlap,
As high as ony *Roman* wa'.

Driving

Driving their baws fra whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be ſeen,
Nor douſſer fowk wyſing a jee
The byaſs bouls on *Tanſon*'s green.

Then ſling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the houſe baith butt and ben,
That mutchken ſtoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret beſt keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter ſoon;
It makes a man baith gaſh and bauld,
And heaves his ſaul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of bleſſings ſpare,
Which will our faſhous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, ſhould we gang wood;
If they command the ſtorms to blaw,
Then upo' ſight the hailſtains thud.

But ſoon as e'er they cry, be quiet,
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of ſupreme *Jove*.

Let neiſt day come as it thinks fit,
The preſent minute's only ours;
On pleaſure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckleſs powers.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the grip
  Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
  And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time,
  Then lads and laſſes while it's *May*,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
  Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
  When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
  On you if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
  Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
  And hide her ſell in ſome dark nook:

Her laugh will lead you to the place
  Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
  Nineteen nay-ſays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
  And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
  As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
  Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
  To plague us with your whining cant.

To Mr. WILLIAM AIKMAN.

'TIS granted, Sir, pains may be ſpar'd
Your merit to ſet forth,
When there's ſae few wha claim regard,
That diſna ken your worth. 4

Yet poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they're to blame;
But you've done that your ſell. 8

While frae originals of yours
Fair copies ſhall be tane,
And fix'd on braſs to buſk our bow'rs,
Your mem'ry ſhall remain. 12

To your ain deeds the maiſt deny'd,
Or of a taſte o'er fine,
May be ye're but o'er right, afraid
To ſink in verſe like mine. 16

The laſt can ne'er the reaſon prove,
Elſe wherefore with good will
Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,
And help me up the hill? 20

By your aſſiſtance unconſtrain'd
To courts I can repair,
And by your art my way I've gain'd
To cloſets of the fair. 24

Had I a muſe like lofty *Pope*,
For tow'ring numbers fit,
Then I the ingenious mind might hope
In trueſt light to hit. 28

But

But comick tale and ſonnet ſlee
Are coolten for my ſhare,
And if in theſe I bear the gree,
I'll think it very fair.

Spoken to three YOUNG LADIES, *who would have me to determine which of them was the bonnieſt.*

ME anes three beauties did ſurround,
And ilka beauty gave a wound,
Whilſt they with ſmiling eye,
Said, *Allan*, which think ye maiſt fair?
Gi'e judgment frankly, never ſpare.
Hard is the taſk, ſaid I:
But added, ſeeing them ſae free,
Ladies, ye maun ſay mair to me,
And my demand right fair is;
Firſt, like the gay celeſtial three,
Shaw a' your charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I ſhall be your *Paris*.

To Sir WILLIAM BENNET *of* Grubbet, *Bart.*

WHILE now in diſcord giddy changes reel,
And ſome are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,
You with undaunted ſtalk, and brow ſerene,
May trace your groves, and preſs the dewy green;

No

No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,
Or horrid dreams to make your ſleep unſound.

To ſuch as you, who can mean care deſpiſe,
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and ſkies.
Not hurried with the thirſt of unjuſt gain,
You can delight yourſelf on hill or plain,
Obſerving when thoſe tender ſprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant ſweets the youthful year.
Your lovely ſcenes of *Marlefield* abound
With as much choice as is in *Britain* found:
Here faireſt plants from nature's boſom ſtart
From ſoil prolifick, ſerv'd with curious art:
Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders through an artificial wild,
While native flow'ry green, and criſtal ſtrands,
Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Moſt happy he who can thoſe ſweets enjoy
With taſte refin'd, which does not eaſy cloy.
Not ſo *Plebeian* ſouls, whom ſporting fate
Thruſts into life upon a large eſtate,
While ſpleen their weak imagination ſow'rs,
They're at a loſs how to employ their hours:
The ſweeteſt plants which faireſt gardens ſhow,
Are loſt to them, for them unheeded grow.
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the ſon'rous page,
Where ſhines the raptures of poetick rage;
Nor through the microſcope can take delight,
T' obſerve the tuſks and briſtles of a mite;
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to deſcry
Theſe ſhining worlds which roll around the ſky.
Bid ſuch read hiſt'ry to improve their ſkill,
Polite excuſe! their memories are ill.

Moll's

Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make ſhow,
But their contents they're not oblig'd to know;
And gen'rous friendſhip's out of ſight too fine,
They think it only means a glaſs of wine.

But he whoſe chearful mind hath higher flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own,
Has ſeen the world, and read the volume *man*,
And can the ſprings and ends of actions ſcan;
Has fronted deaths in ſervice of his king,
And drunken deep of the *Caſtalian* ſpring;
This man can live—and happieſt life's his due,
Can be a friend—a virtue known to few;
Yet all ſuch virtues ſtrongly ſhine in you.

An Epiſtle *to a Friend at* Florence, *in his way to* Rome.

YOUR ſteady impulſe foreign climes to view,
To ſtudy nature, and what art can ſhew,
I now approve, while my warm fancy walks
O'er *Italy*, and with your genius talks;
We trace with glowing breaſt and piercing look,
The curious gall'ry of th' illuſtrious duke,
Where all thoſe maſters of the arts divine,
With pencils, pens, and chizels greatly ſhine,
Immortalizing the *Auguſtan* age,
On medals, canvas, ſtone, or written page.
Profiles and buſts originals expreſs,
And antique ſcrolls, old e'er we knew the preſs.
For's love to ſcience, and each virtuous *Scot*,
May days unnumber'd be great *Coſmus*' lot.

The

The ſweet *Heſperian* fields you'll next explore,
'Twixt *Arnus'* banks and *Tiber's* fertile ſhore.
Now, now I wiſh my organs could keep pace,
With my fond muſe and you theſe plains to trace;
We'd enter *Rome* with an uncommon taſte,
And feed our minds on every famous waſte;
Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,
Triumphal arches, ruins of vaſt domes,
Old aerial aqueducts, and ſtrong pav'd roads,
Which ſeem to've been not wrought by men but gods.

Theſe view'd, we'd then ſurvey with utmoſt care
What modern *Rome* produces fine or rare,
Where buildings riſe with all the ſtrength of art,
Proclaiming their great architect's deſert,
Which citron ſhades ſurround and jeſſamin,
And all the ſoul of *Raphael* ſhines within:
Then we'd regale our ears with ſounding notes,
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardleſs throats,
Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious ſtrings,
And breathing tubes, while the ſoft eunuch ſings.

Of all thoſe dainties take a hearty meal;
But let your reſolution ſtill prevail:
Return, before your pleaſure grow a toil,
To longing friends, and your own native ſoil:
Preſerve your health, your virtue ſtill improve,
Hence you'll invite protection from above.

The beautiful Roſe-Tree *incloſed.*

WITH awe and pleaſure we behold thy ſweets,
Thy lovely roſes have their pointed guards,
Yet tho' the gath'rer oppoſition meets,
The fragrant purchaſe all his pain rewards.

But

But hedg'd about and watch'd with warry eyes,
O plant superior, beautiful and fair,
We view thee like yon stars which gem the skies,
But equally to gain we must despair.

Ah! wert thou growing on some secret plain,
And found by me, how ravish'd would I meet
All thy transporting charms to ease my pain,
And feast my raptur'd soul on all that's sweet.

Thus sung poor *Symon: Symon* was in love,
His too aspiring passion made him smart;
The rose-tree was a mistress far above
The shepherd's hope, which broke his tender heart.

To R—H—B—, *an* ODE.

Nullam Vare sacra vite prius severis arborem,
Circa mite solum Tiburis & mœnia Catili. HOR.

O B—, cou'd these fields of thine
Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy vine,
How sweet the bonny grape wou'd shine
On wau's where now,
Your apricocks and peaches fine
Their branches bow.

Since human life is but a blink,
Why should we its short joys sink;
He dinna live that canna link
The glass about,
When warm'd with wine, like men we think,
And grow mair stout.

The

The cauldrife carlies clog'd wi' care,
Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
If ram'd we red, they rant and rair
Like mirthfu' men,
It ſoothly ſhaws them they can ſpare
A rowth to ſpend. 18

What ſoger, when with wine he's bung,
Did e'er complain he had been dung,
Or of his toil, or empty ſpung;
Na, o'er his glaſs,
Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,
Or ſome ſweet laſs. 24

Yet trouth, 'tis proper we ſhould ſtint
Our ſells to a frein mod'rate pint,
Why ſhould we (the blyth bleſſing) mint
To waſt or ſpill,
Since, aften, when our reaſon's tint
We may do ill. 30

Let's ſet theſe hair-brain'd fowk in view,
That when they're ſtupid, mad and fow
Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue
For a' their days,
Which frequently prove very few
To ſuch as theſe. 36

Then let us grip our bliſs mair ſicker,
And tape our heal, and ſprightly liquor,
Which ſober rane makes wit the quicker,
And ſenſe mair keen,
While graver heads that's muckle thicker
Grane with' the ſpleen. 42

May ne'er ſic wicked fumes ariſe
In me ſhall break a' ſacred ties,
And gar me like a fool deſpiſe
With ſtiffneſs rude,
Whatever my beſt friends adviſe,
Tho' ne'er ſo gude.

'Tis beſt then to evite the ſin
Of bending 'till our ſauls gae blin,
Leſt, like our glaſs, our breaſts grow thin,
And let fowk peep,
At ilka ſecret hid within
That we ſhould keep.

CLYDE's *Welcome to his* Prince.

WHAT chearful ſounds from ev'ry ſide I hear,
How beauteous on their banks my nymphs appear,
Got throw theſe maſſy mountains at my ſource,
O'er rocks ſtupendous of my upper courſe.
To theſe fair plains where I more ſmoothly move,
Throw verdant vales to meet *Evana*'s love.
Yonder ſhe comes beneath *Dodona*'s ſhade,
How blyth ſhe looks! how ſweet and gaylie clade;
Her flow'ry bounds bears all the pride of *May*,
While round her ſoft meanders ſhepherds play.
Hail, lovely *Naiad!* to my boſom large,
Amidſt my ſtores commit thy criſtal charge,
And ſpeak theſe joys all thy deportment ſhews,
That to old ocean I may have good news.

4. Rocks ſtupendous.) The river falls over ſeveral high precipices, ſuch as Corray's Lin, Stane-Byre Lin, &c.

6. Evana.) The ſmall river Evan which joins Clyde near Hamilton.

With

With ſolemn voice, thus ſpoke majeſtick *Clyde*,
In ſofter notes lov'd *Evan* thus reply'd.

Great *Glotta*, long have I had cauſe to mourn,
While my forſaken ſtream guſh'd from my urn.
Since my late LORD, his nation's juſt delight,
Greatly lamented ſunk in endleſs night.
His hopeful STEM, our chief deſire and boaſt,
Expos'd to danger on ſome foreign coaſt,
Lonely for years, I've murmur'd on my way,
When dark I wept, and ſigh'd in ſhining day.

The fire return'd, juſt reaſons for thy pains,
So long to wind through ſolitary plains:
Thy loſs was mine, I ſympathiz'd with thee,
Since one our griefs, then ſhare thy joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid chiftain of the dale,
Huſh all your cat'racts, 'till I tell my tale,
Then riſe and roar, and kiſs your bord'ring flowers,
And ſound our joys around yon lordly towers;
Yon lordly towers, which happy now contain,
Our brave and youthful PRINCE return'd again.

Welcome, in loudeſt raptures cry'd the flood,
His welcome echo'd from each hill and wood;
Enough *Evana*, long may they contain
The noble youth ſafely return'd again.
From the green mountain where I lift my head,
With my twin brothers *Annan* and the *Tweed*,
To thoſe high arches where, as *Culdees* ſing,
The pious *Mungo* fiſh'd the trout and ring.

39. Green mountain.) From the ſame hill the rivers Clyde, Tweed and Annan have their riſe, yet run to three different ſeas, viz. the Northern ocean, the German ocean, and the Iriſh ſea.

41. High arches.) The bridge of Glaſgow, where, as 'tis reported, St. Mungo the patron of that city, drew up a fiſh that brought him a ring, which had been dropt; which miracle Glaſgow retains the memory of in their arms.

My faireſt nymphs ſhall on my margin play,
And make ev'n all the year one holy day.
The *Sylvan* powers and watches of each hight,
Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight,
Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam,
To join with us, and ſing his welcome home.
With lofty notes we'll ſound his high deſcent,
His dawning merits and heroick bent.
Theſe early rays which ſtedfaſtly ſhall ſhine,
And add new glories to his ancient line.
A line ay loyal, and fir'd with generous zeal,
The braveſt patrons of the common-weal.
From him who plung'd his ſword (ſo muſes ſing)
Deep in his breaſt, who durſt defame our king:
We'll ſing the fire, which in his boſom glows
To warm his friends, and ſcorch his daring foes;
Endow'd with all theſe ſweet, yet manly charms,
As fits him for the fields of love, or arms.
Fixt in an high and independant ſtate,
Above to act what's little, to be great.

Guard him, firſt power, whoſe hand directs the ſun,
And teach me through caverns dark to run;
Long may he on his own fair plains reſide,
And ſlight my rival *Thames*, and love his *Clyde*.

55. So muſes ſing.) Vide the ingenious Mr. Patrick Gordon's account of this illuſtrious family in his poem on the valiant atchievements of our great king Robert, firnam'd the Bruce, page 45, beginning at this ſtanza, the prophet ſpeaks to our monarch.

'Now in thy time, quoth he, there ſhall arrive
'A worthy knight, that from his native land
'Shall fly, becauſe he bravely ſhall deprive,
'In glorious fight, a knight that ſhall withſtand
'Thy praiſes due, while he doth thee deſcrive;
'Yea, even this knight, ſhall with victorious hand
'Come here, whoſe name his ſeed ſhall eternize,
'And ſtill thy virtuous line ſhall ſympathize.'

On

On the Most Honourable the Marquess of BOWMONT's *cutting off his Hair.*

SHALL *Berenice*'s tresses mount the skies,
And by the muse to shining fame arise;
Belinda's lock invite the smoothest lays
Of him whose merit claims the *British* bays,
And not, dear *Bowmont*, beautiful and young,
The graceful ringlets of thy head be sung!
How many tender hearts thine eyes hath pain'd!
How many sighing nymphs thy locks have chain'd!

The god of love beheld him with envy,
And on *Cyth'rea*'s lap began to cry,
All drench'd in tears, O mother, help your son!
Else by a mortal rival I'm undone;
With happy charms h' incroaches on my sway,
His beauty disconcerts the plots I lay.
When I've made *Cloe* her humble slave admire,
Straight he appears and kindles new desire;
She sighs for him, and all my art beguiles,
Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
Ah me! these sable circles of his hair,
Which wave around his beauties red and fair,
I cannot bear! *Adonis* would seem dim,
With all his flaxen locks, if plac'd by him.

Venus reply'd, No more, my dearest boy,
Shall those inchanting curls thy peace destroy;
For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,
Or round his cheek, or on his shoulders flow;
I'll use my slight, and make them quickly feel
Their honour's lost by the invading steel:

I'll turn myself in shape of mode and health,
And gain upon his youthful mind by stealth:
Three times the sun shall not have rouz'd the morn,
E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn.

The promise she perform'd; but labour vain,
And still shall prove, while his bright eyes remain;
And of revenge blind *Cupid* must despair,
As long's the lovely sex are grac'd with hair;
They'll yield the conquering glories of their heads,
To form around his beauty, easy shades;
And in return, *Thalia* spaes and sings,
His lop'd-off locks shall sparkle in their rings.

To some YOUNG LADIES, *who had been displeased at a Gentleman's too imprudently asserting, that to be condemn'd to perpetual Virginity was the greatest Punishment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.*

WHether condemn'd to virgin state
By the superior powers,
Would to your sex prove cruel fate,
I'm sure it would to ours.

From you the numerous nations spring,
Your breasts our beings save,
Your beauties make the youthful sing,
And sooth the old and grave.

Alas! how soon would every wight
  Despise both wit and arms,
To primitive old chaos night
  We'd sink without your charms.

No more our breath would be our care,
  Were love from us exil'd,
Sent back to heaven with all the fair,
  This world would turn a wild.

Regardless of these sacred ties,
  Wife, husband, father, son,
All government we would despise,
  And like wild tygers run.

Then, ladies, pardon the mistake,
  And with th' accus'd agree,
I beg it for each lover's sake,
  Low bended on my knee.

And frankly wish what has been said
  By the audacious youth,
Might be your thought; but I'm afraid
  It will not prove a truth.

For often, ah! you make us groan
  By your too cold disdain,
Then quarrel with us when we moan
  And rave amidst our pain.

To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHEL, *on the ſucceſsful Repreſentation of a* Tragedy *wrote by him.*

BUT jealouſie, dear *Jos*, which aft gives pain
To ſcrimpit ſauls, I own myſell right vain
To ſee a native truſty friend of mine,
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies ſhine.
Yes, wherefore no, ſhaw them the frozen north
Can tow'ring minds with heav'nly heat bring forth;
Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,
And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains ſing,
As ſaft as he that haugbs *Heſperian* trades,
Or leans beneath the *Aromatick* ſhades.
Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,
Still ſomething great a *Scottiſh* boſom warms:
Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in ſnaw,
Honour and liberty eggs him to draw
A hero's ſword, or an heroick quill,
The monſt'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal deſign,
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,
That a' which mounts the ſtage—is ſurely bad.
Stupidly dull! but fools ay fools will be,
And nane's ſae blind as them that winna ſee.
Where's vice and virtue ſet in juſter light?
Where can a glancing genius ſhine mair bright?
Where can we human life review mair plain,
Than in the happy plot and curious ſcene?

If

If in themſells ſic fair deſigns were ill,
We ne'er had priev'd the ſweet dramatick ſkill
Of *Congreve*, *Addiſon*, *Steel*, *Rowe*, and *Hill*;
Hill, wha the highelt road to fame doth chuſe,
And has ſome upper ſeraph for his muſe:
It maun be ſae, elſe how could he diſplay
With ſo juſt ſtrength the great tremendous day.

Sic patterns; *Joſeph*, always keep in view;
Ne'er faſh if ye can pleaſe the thinking few,
Then, ſpite of malice, worth ſhall have its due.

COLIN *and* GRISY *parting.*

A SONG.

To the Tune of, Woes my Heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.

WITH broken words and downcaſt eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his paſſion tender,
And parting with his *Griſy*, cries,
Ah! woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare
Shall ſtill be preſent tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me tho' we ſunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs
We'll meet again and never ſunder.

Spoken to two YOUNG LADIES, *who aſk'd if I could ſay any thing on them: One excell'd in a beautiful Complexion, the other in fine Eyes.*

To the firſt.

UPON your cheek ſits blooming youth.

To the other.

Heaven ſparkles in your eye.

To both.

There's ſomething ſweet about each mouth,
Dear ladies, let me try.

The

The MILL, MILL—O. *A* Song.

BEneath a green ſhade I fand a fair maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill—O,
A' lowan wi' love my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will—O;
Her boſom I preſs'd, but ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtirdna my joy to ſpill—O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill—O;
Frae 'er quietly I ſtaw, hois'd ſails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill—O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing fame
Tald me with a voice right ſhill—O,
My laſs like a fool had mounted the ſtool,
Nor kend wha'd done 'er the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell—O,
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, let me die,
Sweet ſir, gin I can tell—O.
Love gae the command, I took her by th' hand,
And bade her a' fears expell—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed myſell—O.

15. The ſtool.) viz. of repentance.

My

My bonny ſweet laſs on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill*—O,
If I did offence I'ſe make ye amends
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*—O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the cogging of the wheel—O;
The ſack and the ſieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a ſoger reel—O.

The Poet's Wiſh. *An* ODE.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates?—— HOR.

FRAE great *Apollo*, poet ſay,
What is thy wiſh, what wadſt thou hae,
When thou bows at his ſhrine?
Not *Karſs* o' *Gowrie*'s fertile field,
Nor a' the flocks the *Grampians* yield,
That are baith ſleek and fine;
Not coſtly things brought frae afar,
As ivory, pearl and gems;
Nor thoſe fair ſtraths that water'd are
With *Tay* and *Tweed*'s ſmooth ſtreams,
Which gently and daintily
Eat down the flow'ry baes,
As greatly and quietly
They wimple to the ſeas.

Whatever by his kanny fate
Is maſter of a good eſtate,
That can ilk thing afford,

26. Shilling-hill.) Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

Let

Let him enjoy't withoutten care,
And with the wale of curious fare
Cover his ample board.
Much dawted by the gods is he,
Wha to the *Indian* plain,
Succeſsfu' ploughs the wally ſea,
And ſafe returns again,
With riches that hitches
Him high aboon the reſt
Of ſma' fowk, and a' fowk
That are wi' poortith preſt.

For me, I can be well content
To eat my bannock on the bent,
And kitchen't wi' freſh air;
Of lang-kail I can make a feaſt,
And cantily had up my creſt,
And laugh at diſhes rare.
Nought frae *Apollo* I demand,
But throw a lengthen'd life
My outer fabrick firm may ſtand,
And ſaul clear without ſtrife.
May he then but gie then
Thoſe bleſſings for my ſkair,
I'll fairly and ſquairly
Quite a' and ſeek nae mair.

The Reſponſe *of the* ORACLE.

TO keep thy ſaul frae puny ſtrife,
And heeze thee out of vulgar life,
We, in a morning dream,
Whiſper'd

Whiſper'd our will concerning thee,
To *Marlus*, ſtretch'd beneath a tree,
Hard by a pop'ling ſtream;
He, full of me, ſhall point the way
Where thou a ſtar ſhalt ſee,
The influence of whoſe bright ray
Shall wing thy muſe to flee.
Mair ſpeer na, and fear na,
But ſet thy mind to reſt,
Aſpire ay ſtill high'r ay,
And always hope the beſt.

The CONCLUSION.

After the manner of HORACE, *Ad librum ſuum.*

DEAR vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And ſcowp around the warld thy fill:
Wow! ye're newfangle to be ſeen,
In gilded *Turkey* clad, and clean.
Daft giddy thing! to dare thy fate,
And ſpang o'er dykes that ſcar the blate:
But mind when anes ye're to the bent,
(Altho' in vain) ye may repent.
Alake, I'm fleed thou aften meet
A gang that will thee ſourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a' thy pains,
When damps diſtreſs their drouzie brains.
I dinna doubt, whilſt thou art new,
Thou'lt favour find frae not a few;

But

But when thou'rt ruffl'd and forfairn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn;
Then, then by age ye may grow wiſe,
And ken things common gies nae price.
I'd fret, wae's me! to ſee thee lye
Beneath the bottom of a pye;
Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
Up ſnuff, or ſweeties in a ſhap.

Awa' ſic fears, gae ſpread my fame,
And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come ſhall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live.
The future criticks I forſee
Shall have their notes on notes on thee:
The wits unborn ſhall beauties find
That never enter'd in my mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred
But hough enough to a mean trade;
To ballance that, pray let them ken
My ſaul to higher pitch cou'd ſten:
And when ye ſhaw I'm ſcarce of gear,
Gar a' my virtues ſhine mair clear.
Tell, I the beſt and faireſt pleaſe,
A little man that loo's my eaſe,
And never thole theſe paſſions lang
That rudely mint to do me wfang.

Gin ony want to ken my age,
See *Anno Dom.* on title-page;

32. Hough enough.) Very indifferently.

This

This year when ſprings by care and ſkill
The ſpacious leaden conduits fill,
And firſt flow'd up the *Caſtle-hill*;
When *South-Sea* projects ceaſe to thrive,
And only *North-Sea* ſeems alive,
Tell them your author's thirty-five.

44. The ſpacious, &c.) The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of 4 inches and a half diameter within, and 6 10ths of an inch in thickneſs; all caſt in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr. [illegible]ding of London.

FINIS.